

GREAT
MISSIONARIES
for
YOUNG PEOPLE



JEANNE M. SERRELL

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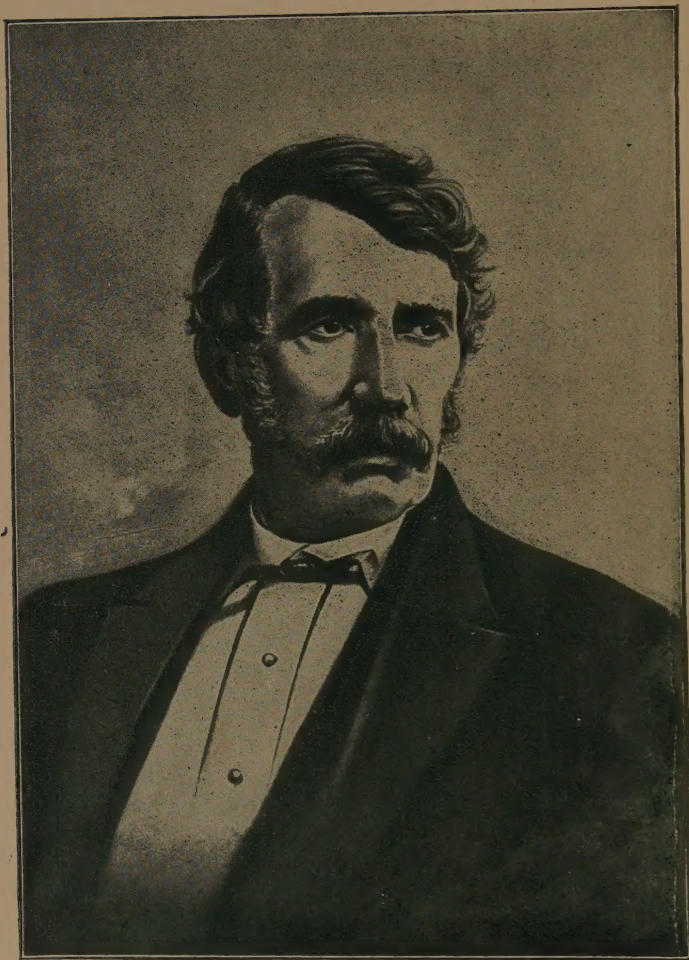
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David Livingstone

TALES OF
GREAT MISSIONARIES
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

BY

JEANNE M. SERRELL

Chairman, Children's Department,
Woman's Board of Foreign Missions
of Presbyterian Church



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young people

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To the boys and girls of the Church of
the Covenant, in loving remembrance of
happy hours spent together

PREFACE

SAMMY was very much distressed! Perhaps you would not have thought so, had you seen him curled up in the far corner of the old sofa, with a book on his lap, looking the picture of health and comfort! But surely you would have known that something was wrong had you heard him sigh. Big boys of ten do not sigh, unless something goes very wrong, do they? "Mother!" Up came Sammy like an active volcano; up went the book, out flew the pages, and the room looked decidedly as if a cyclone had struck it.

"Mother, I call it a shame that they did not wait for us before ending the war! Just think! They won't have any more wars now, and I did so want to be a soldier! But what's the use of being a soldier if there is no chance to fight, no chance to do brave deeds? A minute ago I guess I had fallen asleep, for I was dreaming such a glorious dream! I thought I had enlisted and I was in the trenches and cries for help came from 'No Man's Land.' I was leaping out, under a hail of bullets, to rescue the wounded, when I got hit, I think, for I fell, and that woke me up."

Boys and girls, have you ever felt like Sammy—sorry that the war is over? Have you ever thought that peace was "a soft proposition?" Well, let me tell you of an army which will always be a fighting

army, an army which will never disband, an army that needs *you*, every one, and needs you *now*.

Did you know that there is a Christian army and that you belong to it? You have been singing: "Onward, Christian soldiers." Do you realise what that means? It means that You are part of Christ's army.

As such you should have all the qualities of a good soldier. The first quality is OBEDIENCE. You have all seen companies of soldiers pass in the street during the war. Did they go wherever they pleased and walk or stop at pleasure? Did they talk in the ranks? No, of course they did not. When their officer, their leader, said: "Right about, turn!" they turned; when he shouted, "Halt," the whole company stopped as one man. They obeyed, and all true soldiers have to obey! When, in this last war, came the officer's order: "Charge!" every man sprang out of the trenches, following the leader, and if the leader fell, his last words were sacred. They always were the same: Forward! Forward our boys did go, . . . and they won.

Christian soldiers, do you know what were our leader's last words? Just before He returned to His Father and our Father, God, Jesus Christ *our* Captain left us our marching orders for all times to come. And they were: "Go Ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature!"

What is the first word? Go. Go where?—into *All* the world. To go into all the world you must first step out. Out of what? Out of yourself!—out of yourself into your own home, for the world begins there. Some little folks and some grown-ups, too, build a big fence all around themselves, and then

never move away. They don't know that there are two bright outer rooms, full of sunshine and full of joy. Little by little, the air they breathe gets close and closer, for the fence they build of "I's" and "Me's" grows so high that pretty soon they cannot see anybody but themselves, and, without knowing it, they are dead,—dead to the world.

If only they let Christ tear down that high fence with love, they will discover the first of the outer rooms,—the place called Home. Of course we should begin our missionary work there! I knew a little girl once who wanted to be a missionary. She wanted to go out to China and help the little Chinese boys and girls, but at her own Mother's request she would not play with two lonely little Italian neighbours. "They were so dirty, and it was so hard to make them understand English!" Do you think she will ever be a good missionary if she does not change? No, for if you are not willing to work and to endure for those nearest to you, you will never want to do it for those many miles away.

Yes, we should see to it that our part of the first room is swept clean before we step out across the threshold into a bigger one, but cross it we must, if not in fact,—at least in spirit. There are some people who will tell you that if we stay right at home and do our duty there, that will be all that God asks of us. But God is broader than that. Before our country entered this last war, there were plenty of people who cried out, "Oh, let us not meddle in other nations' business!" And even now, some Americans are saying, "America first! As long as we are safe and strong,

we don't want a League of Nations. We don't want to have to interfere across the seas. We don't want our boys to fight other peoples' battles." Don't you think that a very selfish point of view? For Christ has taught us that Right is right, over *all* the world and that we should stand up for the Right, wherever it may be. He died for *all*, that *all* may live. He the strong Son of God came to help the weak, the helpless, and we His soldiers should do the same.

What have we stepped out of ourselves, into the home, into the world, for? Our Leader said "Go Ye into all the world and *preach!*" What does preaching mean? I know a great many boys and girls who think that it means scolding, for they have been preached *at* so often. Consequently they hate the word, and I can sympathise with them! But there are a great many ways of preaching. Preaching means teaching,—teaching by words of mouth, and teaching by applying in your own life that which you preach. Christ never preached *at* anybody, but like a true Captain he always led the way. He preached by doing what He wants us to do, He preached by living the life He expects us to live. We are to preach, . . . but what? The Gospel; that means "the Good News"! Do you know that you can be a good soldier, and preach the Good News as well as any older missionary by being always cheerful and by making those who love you and care for you bright and happy by being bright and happy yourself? No soldier will ever win the day for the Gospel if he wears a long face and has a sullen look. Christ, our Captain, even when He knew His death was near, could say that His joy was full. "Go ye

into all the world and preach the Good News,—the Gospel, to every creature.”

But, will you say, an army has a flag. We have one. Do you know the Christian flag when you see it? It is white, pure white, the colour of purity, and in the left hand corner, where our country's stars shine, it is blue, the colour of the sky, but, instead of stars, there stands out a Red Cross. For our Captain's emblem is the Cross, the Cross of Sacrifice. He died there for us, and His blood has dyed it red. Every time you sing “Stand up, stand up for Jesus, lift high the royal banner, it must not suffer loss,” you are enlisting yourself in the greatest of wars, that for Righteousness, so throw back your shoulders, stand at attention, and, down with any mean thought, or any bad intention!

The hymn goes on, “The trumpet call obey.” Sooner or later, the bugle will sound, the call will come. To some, perhaps, the call will be to keep the “home-fires burning.” To keep the home-fires burning; that might be your part of the world work. If you are called to keep the home-fires burning, be sure you keep them bright,—not a smoky, tiny little flame, but a great big blaze, and the way to keep it that way is to do all you can for your folks, for your home town, for your country, to bring them to be true to your Christ!

To others, the call may mean to cross the seas. But whether at home or on the field we all have the same marching orders,—and forward we must go. We cannot, must not fail our Leader. Once upon a time, there was a young man who was an earnest patriot. He lived in a far country, and he longed to do some-

thing great for his people. One day, as he knelt in the temple in his city, Jerusalem, he had a vision, a dream. A strange dizziness overcame him, he thought he felt the foundations of that great temple shaking, and raising his eyes, he saw God, whose glory filled the temple. Around God were cherubim flying, and as they flew, they cried each one to the other, "Holy, holy is the Lord!" Then, suddenly, every sound was hushed, and out of unexpected silence, there came the voice of God, saying: "Whom shall I send, and who shall go for us?" Quick as a flash came the answer from Isaiah's soul: "Here I am, Lord, send me!" He was ready, he heard the call, and obeyed. So, when war was declared, hundreds of young men answered the call of Uncle Sam;—gladly, and quickly, at their country's appeal, they crossed the sea to help other nations in distress. Soldiers of Christ, shall we do less for our God?

Our Marching Orders are often called the Great Commission, and do you know what a commission is? It is a trust. We are entrusted with the task of making the world one in Jesus. That is the greatest of missions. A mission-ary is one who is sent to fulfil it. Before we start we must have a vision, as Isaiah had, of the need of the world, and of God who can satisfy that need only *through us*. The Soldiers of the Cross whose lives follow in this book saw the vision and gave their lives that others might live; they fought against disease, against death, against darkness, and because they were true to the vision, true to their mission, they were more than Conquerors!

DOBBS FERRY, N. Y.

J. M. S.

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I

THE DARK CONTINENT

I WONDER how many of you boys and girls know what part of the world the dark continent is? Have you ever looked with wonder at a coloured child, have you ever thought that a long, long time ago, the great-great-grandparents of that American child all lived a great, great many miles away from America, lost in the midst of wild tropical forests, in a land where everybody has the same dark complexion?

But, boys and girls, if you had been born half a century ago, you would not have had much to learn at school, about that country where lived the ancestors of all little American coloured children. In that time, the map of Africa was all white, for only the coast was known, only the outline of that big continent was marked. In the centre of the large blank space in the middle of it, you would have found the words: "Unexplored," or "Unknown." You would have seen the mouth of a big river, the Congo, marked, but nothing more! You could have traced with your finger another big river, the Nile, quite a way inland, but you would have had to stop before reaching its source—again you would have been baffled by the same word—unknown. Then, you would have pondered, and wondered why Africa was all blank, and left white, when,

after all, it was all dark, and its people were all dark! You would have dreamt of those dense tropical forests, where, sometimes the foliage is so thick as to hide the sky, and wondered what lay beyond; and towards the north, where you would have seen the name "Sahara Desert," you would have thought immediately of wild Arab tribes crossing that immense solitude of sand, on their fast little horses, or on slow-going, heavily-laden camels. And you would have wondered where they went, and whence they came.

Now these wonderings have been answered, and in school, you have to learn a great deal about that continent once unknown. But I want to take you back to that time of our grandmothers and grandfathers, when, as little boys and girls, they knew nothing of the sources of the Nile, nothing of the interior of Africa, —that time when no ray of light had penetrated into the "dark continent."

Africa is often said to have the shape of a question mark; I want to tell you of one who was among the first to solve that question mark. At other times, Africa is compared in shape to an ear, a listening human ear. I want to tell you of one who was the first to whisper words of love into that ear. And that man was David Livingstone.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE

I

THE LITTLE MILL BOY

In Scotland, many years ago, quite a long time before any of you were born, there lived a little boy called David, and when he was still a tiny lad he began to go to school, just as you have to. His grandfather often used to tell him: "David, my lad, there never was a dishonest man among your ancestors, but neither was there ever a Livingstone who was a donkey!" And David treasured these words, so, with a right good will, day after day, he trudged to school. His village was a small one, called Blantyre, and a fine river, the Clyde, passed through it. In spring time, David loved to wander to the riverside, and watch the water as it rushed by on its way to the sea. Out of his blue-grey eyes, he would look far down the stream, wonder where it went, and wish he could be carried along with it down to the big city, Glasgow, and past it to far-away lands.

Near the big break-water, he would also love to watch the huge wheel of the cotton mill near-by, as it turned, and turned, lashing the water into foam. Often, very often, he would come for his grandfather who worked at the mill, and as they went home together, the older man would tell his grandson stories

of the past, stories of the wars in which his father had fought for Scotland, and little David's heart would thrill with wonder and admiration, and he would resolve that, when he grew up, he would also go to war and be a soldier.

There came a time, however, when David came to the mill—but not to meet his grandfather. In the cold grey dawn, one morning when he was ten, instead of going to school as usual, he was taken to the cotton mill by his father, and left there to work. So, at ten, he became a wage-earner, and work in a factory was not easy in those days! How would you like to be working in a mill, from six in the morning till six at night? But the family was poor, every one had to help, and laws had not yet been made to prevent child-labour. Little David was a piecer,—that is, when a thread broke, he tied the broken ends together again. Day after day, at an hour when you boys and girls are still comfortably sleeping away in your warm beds, the rising sun would shine upon David at his work at the mill.

Every Saturday evening he would rush home, greatly excited. "Mother," he would cry, all out of breath, "Mother! here is my week's pay!" And how proud he felt! The first week, however, he did not give his mother all his wages; that Saturday, before going home, he made his way through the village street to a little book-store he knew. The old store-keeper looked down with astonishment, above his spectacles, at a very tiny boy who, a few pennies in his outstretched hand, was saying in quite important tones: "Sir, do you have a Latin grammar?" A Latin gram-

mar, you will say, when would he have time to study a Latin grammar! That was David's secret. He could not study in the day-time, so he studied at night.

Night after night, had you been there, you would have seen a tiny light shining from a small upper window of the Livingstone cottage. All would be dark and Blantyre very still. Sometimes, as late as midnight, while David was poring over his grammar or a dictionary, his mother would suddenly appear in the doorway, snatch the book away, blow out the candle, and put her young son to bed. But still the little light shone though the darkness night after night, as it was to shine through the darkness of Africa day after day in years to come.

Not only at night did David study. In the daytime, he would place his book on his spinning-frame, and as he went to and fro, now and then he could catch,—sometimes a word, sometimes a phrase, sometimes a line, so that his mind was all day as busy as his hands. But all was not work. There were the holidays. "Charlie," David cried one morning on such a day, "Charlie, let's go up to the hills and have a jolly good time! We'll hunt for some white heather!" The little brother jumped for joy; it always was such fun to go out anywhere with David! So away they went. The last words of their mother rang in the two little boys' ears, "Don't come home too late!" Up a hill, down the next, they walked and skipped and ran, gathering treasures as they went:—here a piece of granite stone, there a piece of felspar, here a little wild blue-bell, there a bunch of common heather. But no white heather came in sight, though hunted for high and

low. In a rocky place, David raised a huge big stone covered with moss and lichen,—oh, just a corner of it, for it was too heavy! “Come and help me, Charlie,” he cried; “oh, look, look at them!” Underneath the stone, hundreds of small brown bugs were scurrying off, startled by the sudden descent of light into their darkness. I suppose most of you boys and girls would have quickly dropped the stone and scurried off, too, but David stood staring, in spite of Charlie’s scared look. “How can they live under that stone, I should think they would be crushed to death!” he murmured. “Look how many they are, why, thousands of them! Now they are making their way down into the earth. I guess they don’t like the light, it blinds them.” And carefully, slowly he replaced the stone; to Charlie’s great disgust, however, he had picked off one of the biggest bugs, and now he put it away all squirming in a corner of his handkerchief. “I’ll examine it at home,” he declared in an important way.

A great many years afterward, David was to lift a part of the weight of heathenism crushing thousands of souls, and to let the revealing light of Christ pour in.

A few years the older, David, in the middle of the afternoon, thought that his little brother might be tired, so he entrusted him with most of his treasures and Charlie went home, very proud of the trust. Meanwhile, further and further strolled David, his heart set on finding white heather. At last, hidden in a small rocky glen, he spied the tiny plant. With a triumphant shout, he swooped down and plucked it. Then only he thought of the time; he suddenly remembered his mother’s warning, and home he turned

as fast as his small legs would carry him. But the way seemed so long, oh, so long! And it was night when he reached his doorstep. He tried the latch, lo! he could not raise it. It was locked! It was a rule of his father's that the door of the cottage should be closed for the night at dusk, and every one of the five children was expected to be in at that time. Locked out! Quickly the thought flashed through David's mind, but he did not stamp or kick, or beat upon the door. Quietly he made up his mind to what he thought was inevitable, went to a neighbour's and asked for a piece of bread which he scrupulously paid for with a penny found in the depths of his pocket, came home, and settled comfortably on his doorstep. "Crunch, crunch," David began eating his piece of bread, but hungry as he was, he was still more sleepy.

Little by little, his eyelids closed, his head leaned way back against one of the posts, the bread fell unheeded on his lap . . . and he was fast asleep. The night was wonderfully clear and still. The stars were all out, and looked down upon the sleeping child as, many years afterward, they were to look down upon the weary traveller in the heart of darkest Africa.

But David's mother was anxious for her boy, as all mothers would be! A little later in the night, she went to open the cottage door and found her small son, sleeping on the threshold. Tenderly, she took him up in her arms, and the next morning he woke up in his bed where she had carefully laid him.

There was another David in the village—David Hogg, but he was a very old man, and David's Sunday-school teacher. Young David was very fond of him,

and loved to drop in on him often. One day the older David fell very sick, he knew that his end was near, but his face lighted up when he saw David Livingstone next to his bed. Solemnly, slowly, he placed his hand on the lad's head. "David," he said, "make religion the every-day business of your life, and not a thing of fits and starts." Many a day, young David was to remember his old teacher's advice, and he carried it out. Day after day, he served God, not only in church, on Sundays, but every day, in every act of his life.

Through all his travels and explorations, through all the harrowing experiences of his missionary life, David Livingstone, one of the great soldiers of the cross, lived his religion, so that a white man whom he met in the centre of Africa, whose adventure I shall tell you, and whose heart was changed by that meeting, and led to David's Leader, Christ, could say of him, "Religion has made him the most companionable of men and indulgent of masters,—a Christian gentleman!"

II

IN THE LION COUNTRY

"Mrs. M'Robert! Have you heard from Mr. Livingstone yet?" The door of the cottage had been suddenly opened, and an eager young face was peering in. Mrs. M'Robert, the wife of the minister of a small village near Blantyre, was peacefully darning some socks by the open hearth. "No, my dear, how

could I yet? Why, it's but little over three months that we sent the \$60. He must be just about getting it for, you know, mails are slow to Africa, and then, he does not live at the Cape. He is inland quite a ways,—you must remember that!”—“I suppose I am too impatient,” sighed the young visitor, “but I would like to know if he likes our idea of supporting a native helper, all we young people together! And, oh, I want to know that helper's name, and all about him! Mrs. M'Robert, I'd like *so* much to know what is happening way over there, on the other side of the map!”

As we are not Mrs. M'Robert's young visitor and obliged to stay in Scotland, we shall take a peep at that “other side of the map.”

“Master, Master! Lion, lion!” These words, uttered by a native, rushing excitedly by the fire of the camp, awoke a weary traveller on the edge of the desert. Way down in the heart of Africa, on one of his many journeys, the white man had lain down to rest after a tiring day. All the month he had been travelling,—not in an automobile, on a smooth road,—not in a carriage or on a bicycle,—no, but on the back of a slow-moving ox! The skin of the animal was very loose indeed,—so loose that the rider had trouble in sticking to his back, and his coat, which served as a saddle as well as a blanket, would slip off many a time on to the road. The road!—*You* would have thought there was no road, and, in fact there was none. Just a path wandering through the forest or the tall grass,—a path so little used, so badly traced, that the tall grass, or the lower branches of trees would often swish into the traveller's face. Every time that the

rider would lean forward to escape such inconveniences, the horns of the ox,—a beautiful pair of wonderful, backward slanting, long horns, would bring him quickly bolt upright again, with a painful shock to the middle of his body.

Then another event had added to the fatigue of the trip. Busily answering the questions of natives who crowded around him, while coming down a steep pass on foot, between two ledges of rock, the white man had slipped and caught one of the fingers of his right hand between the rock and the Bible he was carrying. The joint had been broken by the shock, and though it was now mending rapidly, there was still a dull ache running through the hand.

And so the traveller slept, rolled up in his blanket, protected by the fire of the camp and by the ever-watchful African blacks. He was dreaming of home, of Scotland, and of the loved ones he had left behind, of his father and his mother and all his brothers and sisters, and it was hard to come back to stern realities at the cry: "Lion, lion!"

He opened his eyes and what he saw made him instinctively snatch his revolver from his belt. On the other side of the dying embers a huge form with fascinating yellow eyes was staring straight at the white man and his followers. A shot rang out,—without thinking, David Livingstone, for it was he, had discharged his weapon at the night visitor. The shot did not hurt the latter but it frightened him into flight. As to Livingstone, his finger was bleeding profusely, and broken once more.

Nevertheless, he reached Kuruman in safety, and

found there a letter which gave him great joy,—that of Mrs. M'Robert enclosing the \$60 collected by her among her young friends for a native helper.

In Scotland, a few months afterward, as she was leaving church on a Sunday morning, the young girl friend of Mrs. M'Robert's was hailed by the Minister's wife: "My dear, at last I have the answer, and Mr. Livingstone wrote back right away, too. He is very much pleased, but come and let us read the letter together." The young girl would have jumped for joy, but she remembered in time that it was Sunday, and that the village people were very strict as to Sunday behaviour. So, having most enthusiastically collected a few of the young people, she led them to the manse to hear the good news from Africa.

Livingstone's letter was brimful with the joy he had felt. "Mebalwe, one of our most faithful church members, and one of our deacons out here, is to be yours," he wrote. "Your \$60 will support him, but do not forget that money alone does not meet the need. Pray for Mebalwe, pray for him as you have never prayed before, that he may be a faithful Christian and an efficient worker among his own people."

By the time this letter was being read in Scotland, Livingstone had moved forward into the unknown once more. At Mabotsa, in a lovely place surrounded by beautiful mountains, he was building a mission station, and Mebalwe was with him. But the building was often interrupted by natives rushing by, crying "Lion, lion." Livingstone's heart quaked within him when he thought of all that the cry "lions" meant. To him it meant recollections of the night on the edge

of the desert,—again, it meant the time when in Sekomi's village, a woman had been actually devoured while working in her garden, in full day, and afterwards, the surrounding rocks and valleys echoing with the cries of her little orphan children.

But in spite of the vicinity of lions, life went on in Mabotsa. The place was very dry, and Livingstone was now teaching the natives how to irrigate, that is, to water their land. While they were at work digging canals for the gardens, Mebalwe would have charge of the school. From a distance, the white man could hear the little black children at their letters, for they would sing the alphabet in a very loud, sing-song way, but sometimes with the accompaniment of a queer rumble from among the mountains. At the sound of that rumble, like the noise of distant thunder, many a heart would stand still, for that thunder did not prophesy an approaching storm,—the voice that re-echoed among the hills was that of the Lord of the Mountains. The lion was speaking.

One day, Livingstone noticed that the rumble grew seemingly stronger, and another rumble, much nearer and of a peculiar nature, mixed in. It was like the sound of thousands of little feet beating the earth in distress, and running to and fro. The missionary raised his eyes to the opposite hill, and there, in one of the kraals,—that is to say, the enclosures where the Africans park their sheep, he saw a strange sight. Frightened out of their wits by some approaching danger, the poor sheep were rushing madly from one side of their kraals to the other,—first to one side, then back again, incessantly; and now the bleating

began, a piteous bleating that could be heard for miles around. From the decline beyond the kraals, there appeared the majestic form of a lion.

To leap into one of the enclosures for food and slaughter was a simple affair; then, with a terrific roar, the huge beast slowly withdrew, and his form, outlined one second against the sky, was lost to view.

A native rushed up to the place where, under Livingstone's directions, the whole tribe had been at work. "Nine sheep," he cried, "he killed nine of my sheep. The robber! Surely we are bewitched; we can do nothing against witchcraft." But Livingstone shamed them into action. "What," he said, "you will stand here and do nothing! Go forward, and kill those lions which are robbing you of your sheep, of your cows. Will you see all your possessions carried off one by one, all because of what your witch-doctors tell you? There is no such thing as witchcraft. What will you do when your herds are all gone? You will starve. What will the lions do when there are no more sheep to devour? They will eat You." This time, thoroughly aroused, the whole tribe armed itself with spears and muskets, and ran to the opposite hill, determined to act. Several times they surrounded the lions, but every attack failed, because of fear and cowardice on the part of the natives. Discouraged, these were retreating to the village, when they were startled by the roar of a lion, not thirty yards away. Livingstone looked up and, in spite of the approaching dusk, beheld the biggest of the lords of the mountains, its tail erect in anger, ready to spring from a near-by rock.

Quickly he fired and all the natives rushed forward, crying, "He is shot, he is shot!" But just at that moment, when Livingstone was in the act of reloading his gun, the lion leapt, gripped the white man by the shoulder, and both came down to earth together. "Crunch" went the shoulder bone under the lion's powerful jaw, and, growling fearfully, the enormous beast shook the small human being as a "terrier does a rat." Livingstone had sunk into a kind of painless dreaminess; he thought he saw himself being carried through the tall grass of the hill to the lion's lair, and half-stupefied, he caught himself thinking: "I wonder what part of me he will eat up first."

But this lasted but a second, though to our friend it seemed a life time. Another shot was heard. Mebalwe had fired. The lion, enraged, with a frightful roar, left Livingstone, and rushing to the African, gripped him by the thigh. Down Mebalwe came, but another native, whose life the white man had recently saved, came to the rescue with a spear and attacked the wounded beast. The lion turned once more and caught the man by the shoulder, but not dangerously, for the bullets he had received were taking effect, and just at that moment he fell down dead. Then it was that the warriors of the tribe, splendid men who had held back while the fight was on, rushed forward with great glee. Having brought the wounded men to their huts, they then built a huge fire and burned the remains of the lion, the largest they had ever seen. "It had been bewitched," they said, and only fire could get rid of the charm.

Far away, in Scotland, in the little village near

Blantyre, some young people had met at Mrs. M'Robert's cottage, for prayer. They were praying that God should keep Mebalwe, their African representative, from "the terror by night and from the arrow that flieth by day." That He should enable him to "tread upon the lion, . . . to trample the young lion under foot." God had answered their prayer. The charm which the young people of Scotland had woven was more powerful than all that which the witch-doctors thought they had done,—and Mebalwe, at the risk of his own life, had saved Doctor Livingstone's.

As to the latter, he was troubled with his arm all his life, as a result of the encounter with the lion. The bone of his left upper arm had been crushed to splinters, and it never knit well again, so that for the thirty years he was yet to live, he could not raise his arm higher than his shoulder without pain. After his death, it was because of the queer fracture of the bone that, when his faithful followers took his body back to the coast, it was known that the mortal remains were those of David Livingstone. But that story you will find in another chapter.

III

THE TWO QUESTS

There was a man called Henry Stanley. Henry Stanley was an American and a newspaper man. One day, the owner of the big newspaper for which he worked—the New York *Herald*—called him to Paris,

and turning abruptly, said: "Mr. Stanley, I want you to start to-morrow and go to find Dr. Livingstone. He is lost somewhere in the heart of Africa,—has not been heard of for three years. Alive or dead, I want you to find him! Spend any amount of money,—expense is nothing; spend any amount of time, but put all your energy to this one quest. Whatever you spend and however long you stay,—FIND LIVINGSTONE."

At about that time, many thousands of miles away, a white man was looking on the wonderful waters of a strange lake. The blue expanse of water stretched far away, broken here and there by dark green islands, and the greyish haze of the horizon seemed to swallow up the distant shore. David Livingstone, as he gazed, knew he was the first white man to behold this lake, Lake Bangweolo, and yet he showed no feeling of exultation. Had he not, years before, been the first white man to look upon the wonderful Victoria Falls, where the waters of the Zambesi, a mighty river, rushed down three hundred feet in a whirl of foam and steam, in the midst of many rainbows playing through the water? Had he not been the first white man to trudge through the entire breadth of the dark continent from Atlantic Ocean to Indian Ocean? And still, with no exulted feeling did he look upon his discoveries,—they were darkened by all the sights he had seen, of human sufferings. He could feel that cloud of sin and darkness over the land: a land where the slave-trade flourished; where children were torn away from their parents, and sold by Arab traders; where tribes made war upon their neighbours so as to secure prisoners to sell as slaves at high price;

where man had become the enemy of man, and no man dared trust his brother.

But looking on Lake Bangweolo was not enough for Livingstone. Like a true explorer, he must determine its size. He knew that somewhere from that lake, a big river was flowing away to the north; he must find that river, for it might be the yet undiscovered source of the Nile. So having hired some native paddlers, he launched upon the waters of the lake in a canoe. Upon landing at one of the islands, he was soon surrounded by a crowd of black men, who stared and stared with awed curiosity. "A white man!" They had never seen a white man before.

On setting out again, however, his paddlers, overtaken with fear, refused to go further, and back to shore the white man had to return. Nothing daunted, he circled the lake on foot. Weary, hard days those were! In solitary valleys where nothing but tall grass grew, he encountered miles and miles of sponge land. Though it was the dry season, that sponge soil would retain water, so that at each step Livingstone would sink into oozy mud. He found it hard work and made slow progress, for each foot had to be lifted out with pain, as leeches, queer little animals that suck out human blood, would grip his legs. He tried to twist them off with his fingers, but without success.

At last, however, he found himself looking at the big river that flowed to the north, and he wondered where it went—was it the Nile or the Congo? He could not go on alone and find out without more men, so back to Ujiji he turned.

Ujiji was his headquarters, and there he hoped that

other supplies from the coast, from his friends far away, would reach him. One day, on his way there, as he lay in the forest, with only five faithful followers by, he fell asleep and had a dream. He thought he was in the most fashionable, the best hotel in London, upon a comfortable sofa, and his children were all there. Ah, his children! What a hold they had upon his heart. How often he longed for them, but there in his dream they were all together again, Robert and Tom, and Oswell and Agnes, and little Ann-Mary. Just at that moment Agnes was singing and her sweet voice came to him as if from far away. And though he lost sight of her, still it seemed to him that louder, and louder grew her song: now the song was very near, but . . . what harsh sounds were these,—men's voices instead of his daughter's sweet tones, and Livingstone opened his eyes.

A caravan was passing by his camp. A sad caravan,—Arab traders who were taking a gang of slaves to the coast. Yoked with heavy slave-sticks, carrying boxes of ivory, loads of copper, or of food for the journey, the men were singing, but their song was one that revealed untold misery. "When we are dead," thus they sang, "we will have no yoke, we will be free, then we shall come back and we shall kill our oppressors; our spirits shall haunt them and they shall die." And all together in a chorus, the slaves would sing out the names of those who had sold them. "We shall kill them," they sang. How far from Agnes' sweet song—and Livingstone prayed that the day should soon come when all the poor slaves, all the people who dwelt thus in darkness, would hear the voice of Christ say—

ing: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for my yoke is easy and my burden is light!" To that end he was in Africa, and to that end he would work till his death.

Under the escort of such a caravan, Livingstone went on to Ujiji, for a severe illness had seized him and he was too weak to walk. The Arab chief of the caravan made a sort of litter for him and so, carried by two men, he made the rest of the journey, racked by cough night and day, jolted up and down along mountain paths, with no medicines available, and but poorly protected from the hot sun. At last Ujiji was reached, but there he found that through mistakes, and thefts, but little was left of his goods. No letters were there to greet him, and his medicines had been left many miles away by a party of natives who had decided to stop on the way!

After a short rest, in spite of the fact that he had not yet well recovered from his attack of pneumonia, Livingstone started again with a party of natives and with his two faithful attendants, Susi and Chumah, to find out all he could about the river he had discovered. To make sure that it was the Nile he must strike it further north than Lake Bangweolo and see in what direction it flowed there. So onward he went and everywhere he saw the same tale of human woe. In a land so beautiful, abounding in wonderful scenery, he beheld the most heartrending scenes of human greed and cruelty.

One especially he never forgot. He had reached the shores of the river, which the natives called the

Lualaba, and one fine morning found himself in a village where it was market day. The tall palm trees swayed lightly in the wind, the stream flowed on peacefully, the market-place was crowded with people—mostly women and children. Suddenly, a shot rang out: a neighbouring tribe at war with the people of the village had attacked, and there followed a general massacre. Livingstone looked on with horror,—oh! why was there nothing he could do! There he was, absolutely helpless to save them from the most cruel of deaths. In a few hours' time what had been a prosperous village was a deserted heap of smoking ashes, and all that was left of the people were bodies floating down the river.

With a great sadness weighing heavily on his heart, Livingstone went on. But time and again he was delayed by warring tribes, by swollen rivers, or by his men refusing to go forward. Then he would be left alone with Susi and Chumah, who would have given their lives for him. At other times he felt so weak he could not walk: footsore and weary he would be detained for weeks at villages.

At Bambarre, he waited for more men who would be willing to go on with him. While there in his hut, people would crowd around him. They never had seen a white man before, and the ways of white men seemed to them so queer! They never tired of looking on while Livingstone ate his meals. Just think! To eat with a fork and a spoon! That was an extraordinary thing to do! One day, though the door of the hut was closed, Livingstone knew he was being watched, for low whispers and giggles, and half-audi-

ble laughs could be heard on all sides of the little room. Through the cracks of the circular wall peeped many an eye. Suddenly there was a loud crash, and a black beauty tumbled head foremost in the middle of the floor; one of the posts holding the door closed had given way. A chorus of laughter followed, and immediately the young girl began laying the blame on others, saying: "It's such a one's fault, she pushed me in,"—just like some little American boys and girls whom I know.

At last Livingstone fell very sick again and had to turn back to Ujiji. So near the goal, and yet to have to abandon the quest for the time being, because of his inability to secure canoes in which to go down the Lualaba river, because of attacks of fever, because of terrible bodily pain, because of the ill-will of Arab traders with whom he would not deal! On the return journey, he barely escaped with his life many a time. Many a time, as he lay at night, exhausted and in great pain, he would long for a friendly face, he would long for a white man's hand to touch his head, he would long for the voice of a friend talking the English language. As his teeth were nearly all gone from the hard native food he had been eating for months, he ate but little, very little, and sometimes he would dream that he was in England eating fine roast beef. How good it seemed, till, waking up with a pain, he would realise the emptiness of it all! But he grew stronger as he neared Ujiji,—hope sustained him. At last he would have letters from his children—for five long years not a word had reached him from them, and, in his loneliness, his heart always cried out

to them. Then, at Ujiji, he hoped to find the stores that must be waiting for him, and medicines to make him well.

At last he reached the place. But lo! He had been away two full years this time and the man who had received his goods had grown tired of waiting for a man whom he thought would never come back. He had sold all of Livingstone's goods and grown rich with the profit he had made.

There was Livingstone with not a cent of his own, —a tired, worn-out man, obliged to wait in beggary for more men to be sent from the coast to enable him to go forward again, finish his mission, and at last go home. Home . . . to the broken-hearted explorer—how far away it seemed!

Not a letter was there at Ujiji to welcome him, not a line, and the disappointment was great indeed. Five long years without news! Five long years without the sight of a white face!

But relief was coming.

From the east a party of men was advancing. Stanley was on the march! He was coming to Ujiji, for there Livingstone had last been seen. For more than two years, he also had been on the way, when at last, early in November, his party met a caravan of natives from the lake on the shores of which Ujiji lies. "What news?" Stanley asked.—"A white man has just reached Ujiji."—"A white man?"—"Yes, a white man, he is sick."—"Where was he coming from?"—"From the country of the cannibals, Manyu-ema, far away inland."—"Have you seen him?"—"Yes, about a week ago."

With renewed vigour, Stanley and his men pushed on, and about the tenth of November reached Ujiji. It was a beautiful day and the lake was wonderfully blue in the sunshine. Mountains and hills encircled its shore, and as Stanley's party approached the village, they fired salutes to make their coming known. The men all carried streamers and flags, and next to the leader a huge American flag was waving in the breeze. They were soon surrounded by a crowd of people, and suddenly the young newspaper man was startled by the words: "Good morning, sir."—"Who are you?"—"I am Susi, the servant of Dr. Livingstone."

"Good morning, sir," again came from the other side."—"Who are you?"—"I am Chumah."—"Is Dr. Livingstone here?"—"Yes, sir, we have just left him. He is not well."—"Tell him I am coming."—"Yes, sir." Susi started off on a run. "Master," he exclaimed, greatly excited. "Master, a white man has come."—"Are you sure, Susi; what is his name?"—"I forgot to ask!" and out Susi flew again. But by this time Stanley was coming nearer, and soon he beheld a very thin white man with sunken eyes and a white beard approaching. His first impulse was to run forward and embrace him, but he controlled himself, lifted up his hat, and only said: "Dr. Livingstone, I suppose?"

A kind smile lit up the whole countenance of David Livingstone as he simply answered yes. He could scarcely believe his senses: a white man was standing opposite him, a white man who spoke his own language! How good it seemed, as they sat on his piazza, to hear one's own tongue spoken by a friend. For a

friend Stanley was from that very first minute of their acquaintance, and a true friend he proved himself. At last he had found the man he had been seeking, and to him he gave a big package of letters, letters that had been a year on the way. Two were from the Doctor's children.

The old missionary explorer felt as if it was all a dream. He looked at the swaying palms, he looked at the crowds of passers-by,—Arab traders, black chiefs, black women and children; he looked on the blue surface of the lake further away, and heard the sound of the surf upon the beach; he looked at the mountains all around,—and yet he was far away, at home in England. There he sat and drank in news: news of all that had happened in the outside world for the last five years, and as he listened to his new friend, new life came into Livingstone's body, and new hope came to his weary heart.

For many weeks the two white men,—the Little Master, Stanley, and the Big Master Livingstone, as they were called,—stayed together, and explored part of the lake. Then there came a day when Stanley said: "Of course you are coming home with me, Doctor?"—"No," answered Livingstone, "no, my task is not finished. I must go on until my mission is done. Then I shall come home. You have given me new life, forward I must go." And the time came to part.

"God bless you, Doctor!"

"God keep you, my friend——"

Back to the coast Stanley went;—he had found Livingstone, his task was done. And further inland, the one whom he had found but who would not come

home because his task was not done, was once more lost in the heart of Africa.

IV

THE PASSING OF A GREAT HEART

"What's happening? What's everybody going to do?" inquired a small boy as he joined a great throng which was slowly making its way toward Westminster Abbey, in London, England, one Saturday of April 1874. A friend volunteered information. "Don't you know, Bill, a great man died in Africa, some time ago, and they've brought his body back, and he's to be buried to-day. It's to be a big funeral, and maybe we can get in."—"But only kings, and generals, and conquerors get buried in Westminster. Was this man a king?"—"No, but he was a great man all the same—much better than a king—his name was David Livingstone!"

On the crowd went, and the two boys had to hush as they entered the big church already thronged with people. Statesmen were there, and high officials, and many, many just plain, every-day folks, side by side with lords, and government leaders—all there to pay their last tribute to the great missionary explorer—David Livingstone.

And while the casket is borne impressively into the church to the deep notes of a funeral march, in the midst of an awed, silent crowd of friends and admirers, we shall go back a few months, back to the

deep forests of far away Africa, back to the shore of Lake Bangweolo.

In the early days of April 1873, a white man had arrived at the village of a certain chief called Chitambo,—a worn-out white man carried on a litter by faithful attendants. It was a rainy day, and nothing had been prepared for his reception. "Lay me down, Susi," Livingstone had said,—*"I can journey no further."* And while a hut was being built for him he had had to wait under the eaves of another house. Almost carried by Susi and Chumah, he had next entered the new hut, and had lain there all the day, stretched on a rough bed. Toward night had come a feeble call, "Susi, light my candle, and then you can go to rest. Only, tell Majwara to stay within reach, in case I should need him." Majwara was a small boy, and he lay down to sleep at Livingstone's door.

Hours passed and still the light kept burning within the hut.

Majwara in the middle of the night woke up, and sleepily rubbing his eyes, wondered at the small streak of light visible underneath the door. Gently, very gently, he pushed the door open and peeped in. Then quickly he withdrew, ran to the sleeping forms of Susi and Chumah, and shaking them, exclaimed in subdued tones: "Come, I am afraid! There is something wrong with Master." The three men entered the hut.—The little candle was still burning, but very low. By its uncertain, flickering light, this is what they saw: Livingstone was kneeling as in prayer by the side of the bed, his face buried in his hands. But he was motionless, and made no response when Susi

gently touched his shoulder. "Master," he called, "Master." But the head still lay upon the hands and then only the faithful friends understood. Livingstone was dead, his soul had passed beyond into the great unknown to be with his Master, Christ. Far away from his friends, from his country, from his children, alone in the wilderness, while praying, the last bugle call had come to him and he had crossed the river from whose distant shores no man has ever come back. All his sufferings, all his journeys were over, he was seeing his Pilot face to face.

Susi and Chumah and three others then took a solemn resolve. "His body must not stay here," they said, "his body must rest in his own country," and carefully they embalmed the earthly remains of their great master, they wrapped the body up securely, and started off,—determined to carry it to the coast. They had already tramped many weary miles, and they were tired, but in spite of sickness, on they went.

One day they arrived at a village where they met the chief and his tribe all in warlike array. "You cannot pass," they said, "you are carrying a dead spirit, and misfortune follows the wake of the dead. Go back! you shall not pass!" The little party had to halt, and the next day a few of the bearers were seen to be returning to the interior with a long burden. The rest of the party were then allowed to proceed. But it was not the body of Livingstone that had been carried back inland. The faithful attendants had tricked the tribe which had stood in their way. The burden which had gone back was nothing but stalks swathed in cloth to imitate a corpse. The re-

mains of Livingstone had been wrapped in calico to look like one of the many bales of goods which the party was carrying, and had gone through to the coast.

And so it was that after many months, the dead hero was being buried at Westminster Abbey. The organ was pealing, and England thus honouring her great dead. But he had already his reward. On high, David Livingstone was hearing the voice of God saying: "Well done, good and faithful servant. Enter in."

MARY SLESSOR

I

A GIRL UNAFRAID

"Say, Jim, I bet you anything she'll turn and run."
—"Oh, no, Bob, she'll begin to cry! That's what she'll do."—"What will you take, boys? I bet she won't ever come back. She'll be too much afraid!"

It was a dark, rainy night in one of the worst slums of Dundee, a town in Scotland. The rain came down in a steady drizzle, and the few street lights were but dimly reflected in the wet cobble stones which paved the streets. Side alleys were very dark indeed, for arched passages they were, and no light ever shone in the corners. Tenements loomed up on all sides, uninviting and gloomy, with stairs along the outside walls.

In the shadow of one of the landings, but poorly protected from the rain, a few boys were talking,—big strong boys, and from their forceful expressions, both of words and face, you could have seen they were bent on mischief.

"Did you see her to-night? Oh, how funny she and her friend looked when we spattered them with mud!" Coarse laughs and coarser language followed. "Well, after to-morrow she won't come back—of that you may be sure." A younger voice arose over the mirth. "Well, I don't think it's fair; I tell you she's

all right. She's got pluck, anyway, for it must be no fun for her to come to teach boys and girls of our neighbourhood, after having spent her whole day at the mill weaving!"—"Aw, Charlie, get along with you, she does it to be smart. She's one of those goody-goodies who would want all men to sit on little clouds and twang harps all day long when they die!" And more laughs and coarse jokes followed. "We'll see how she behaves to-morrow, I bet you sure our gang will laugh!" With those words the meeting broke up.

Meanwhile the girl about whom they were talking was going home through the slippery, smoky, badly lighted streets. She was a slim, quiet girl of about eighteen, not very tall, and with a rather tired face for her young years. There was a peculiar sadness in her eyes as she thought of the evening's experience, for her coat was spattered with the heavy, greasy mud, and she thought of the precious minutes she would have to spend in trying to make it clean. A good deal disheartened, she yet thought: "I cannot give those classes up, I cannot, I will not, and there's an end on it!" For the roughs who had done the mischief were dear to her heart. If only she could bring them to Christ, what splendid men they would make!

She was now nearing home and as she went up the dark murky stairs, she thought of the many times she had trodden this same staircase with a heavy heart. She saw herself again a little girl, rushing down those very same steps with a bundle under her arm: a bundle of clothes or of household linen that had to be pawned in order to get a few pennies without her

father knowing it. Oh, the dreary way to the pawn-broker's! But what a reward in her mother's smile when she came home with the money, and what a new gleam of hope in her mother's eyes!

And then as she pushed open the door of the little flat, her mind went back to the weary Saturday nights when she and her mother sat up until her father came home. With what anxious, heavy hearts they listened as they sewed, for the uncertain, tottering steps of the drunken man, for the brutal opening of that very door. And while they waited for these sounds with dread, how sweet it was to hear the calm breathing of the younger children asleep in the next room, unconscious of the anxious watch. How often they would keep a bit of supper for the loved one—loved in spite of his terrible weakness. That bit of supper he would sometimes snatch on coming home, and in his insane frenzy, throw into the fireplace. And yet that small piece of meat or that bowl of soup had been gladly put aside from the wife's or the daughter's share, saved for him at the cost of hunger pangs. Sometimes, when her father was in a particularly angry mood, the girl would be pushed out of the room by her mother, pushed out to the dark stairs, with the words: "Go, girlie, go, until he has fallen asleep." And down she would go, and walk the streets in the dark with a prayer on her lips and tears on her cheeks.

Those days were passed, however. The father had gone beyond, and the cloud had been lifted at his death. But even yet, life was not easy. To-night her mother greeted her with the words: "Mary, my

lassie, you look tired. No wonder, after sitting up all night on that book you were studying.”—“Oh, Mother, that did not tire me. That was rest! Indeed, time passed so quickly that I was startled when I heard the factory whistle, and realised it was five this morning. I was not sleepy a bit and never knew I ought to have been in bed. You know I want to get an education, Mother, and I like to study.”—“Well, you look mighty tired, lassie, and you have to promise me that you shall do nothing but sleep to-night.”

“All right, Mother,” said Mary, “but it was not the lack of sleep, nor the weaving at the factory that tired me. I guess it was the work at Wishart Pend. They are such a rough lot over there and it is such up-hill work!”—“You should give it up, Mary; what can a girl do with those boys? Let your friends go on with the mission—they are men!”—“But they are not enough, Mother, and then girls come in too, and once they are in, both boys and girls are so appreciative. It’s the outside ones that are dreadful. But they too shall come in some day, Mother, and what a work they will do for the kingdom of God!”

“God bless you, my lass, but stay close to the other teachers when you come out.”—“That I do, for you know your little girl, Mother, she is a ’fraid cat! The girls at the mill always tease me about my timidity!”

With these words and a kiss, Mary went to bed.

The next day, all huddled together in a dark alley, at eight o’clock at night, the “gang” was waiting for its victim. The night was slightly overcast, and the stars could be seen playing hide and seek with the clouds. Suddenly a voice broke the silence: “Here

she is, boys, down with you!" And all heads beat a hasty retreat.

Not a sound was heard save the wind as it whistled down the lonely street, into the narrow passages, and around the tenements. Down the street came Mary Slessor, her hair blowing in the breeze, full of new life, and courage, and hope. "The stars still shine in spite of the clouds," she thought, as she looked up at the sky. "God has put them there to cheer us on. There are bright days ahead!"

Just at that moment an ugly shout was heard; and from all sides, boys surrounded her, menacingly near. A fist was shaken under her nose, and with many oaths, a voice was saying: "Oh, oh, Mary Slessor, you shall not pass. We don't want you to work among us, and you won't! Will you go back?" Quietly, though from a trembling heart, the answer came: "Indeed I shall not." She had stopped, and the gang drew very near, but somewhat awed by the dignity of her demeanour, and a certain look in her eyes, they dared not lay hands on her. The leader went on: "You shall go back." No reply, but the young girl stood her ground. With calm eyes she looked upon them—and there was something in that look which they had never seen before. Something of pity, but more of love—love which would endure, love which would not let them go.

Again came the harsh voice of the captain of the gang: "You will not go away? Then, all right—here goes!" From his pocket he drew a piece of heavy lead. To the lead was fastened a cord. He then began to whirl the lead above his head, in ever-widening

circles. The girl never flinched. Faster and faster the lead was whirled; nearer and nearer it came. With a prayer in her heart, Mary Slessor stood.

Now the weight grazed her brow, and the next turn would fell her to the ground. But still she stood and commended her soul to God. She knew she was in His hand. She did not close her eyes,—she looked on. And this is what she saw. Suddenly the leader of the gang stopped. The lead and the cord crashed to the pavement, and with a shout came the words: "Say, boys, but she's game! Come on!"

The boys, too much astonished for words, opened a way before her, and into the mission she walked. But she was not alone; behind her, respectfully, silently, came the gang. Into the little chapel room they went—not for the first and last time, but for the first time of long years of attendance. Mary had won!

Long years afterward, in a little hut in Africa, in the midst of hard work, or hard fight with sin and darkness, Mary Slessor would often turn her eyes to the wall, to a little picture representing a family group of father, mother and children. Something in the look of the man reminded her of the boy who had stood whirling his cord and the dangerous piece of lead at her head, that night in the slums of Dundee,—a defiant, fierce looking figure. It was the same rough boy grown into Christian manhood. Out of gratitude he had sent her the picture, in remembrance of the time when she had saved him from his wild, reckless life. And as she looked at the happy eyes of the man on the wall, new hope and new life always came into the heart of Mary Slessor.

II

A LITTLE WOMAN AND A GREAT TASK

"Hey there, Lady, get out of the way!" Mary Slessor jumped aside at these words, and just in time! For a huge barrel was rolling down the gangway, down to the dark recesses of the steamer *Ethiopia*. At last the dearest dream of the young factory girl was coming true. She was actually on board the boat on her way to her chosen mission-field,—Calabar in Africa. She was going to take to the Dark Continent some of the light of Christ. But, alas, light embodied in one missionary was not all the steamer was carrying to distant shores! It was carrying more darkness to that already benighted land, for cask followed cask down the gangway and barrel followed barrel. On some was written "Spirits"; others were labelled: "Whiskey" in big letters.

With each new arrival of the cargo, Mary's eyes grew sadder, and as she gazed upon the barrels piling up in the hold, she exclaimed: "So many casks! And . . . only one missionary!" One little woman pitted against all kinds of evil, one little soul-saving light against all the soul-destroying effects of heathenism, plus liquor!

In the darkness of Africa, there was a tribe of blacks waiting for the coming of those casks of brandy, and gin and rum,—a tribe cruel, lawless and powerful. Back of Calabar where Mary Slessor was stationed, that tribe held sway. Woe to the white man who ventured into the depths of its forests! Only three

things were permitted to enter : guns to make the warriors victorious in battle,—chains for the slaves they made,—and gin to celebrate in drunkenness the defeat of their enemies !

Anything that went wrong in the affairs of that tribe was believed to have been caused by witchcraft. Was a goat stolen ? Somebody must have bewitched the owner. Did a chief die ? Immediately, the witch-doctor was called. "What made the great man's spirit flee ?" he was asked. "A spell was cast against him in a neighbouring village. The people of that village are responsible for his death." So the witch-doctor would answer, and the whole tribe would sally forth. To the neighbouring village they would go in a body, howling and screaming, and then they would burn down the huts ; the inhabitants would flee and those who could, took refuge in the wilderness,—the bush. The prisoners taken in the fight were brought home by their captors, and woe unto them !

Of course, they said they were innocent of the chief's death. "Well, you have to prove it," said the witch-doctors. The innocent victims were then made to swallow a mixture of water and pounded *éséré* bean. The *éséré* bean is a terrible poison, and so it was seldom indeed that the prisoners lived, but those who did pull through were released. At other times, their heads were just chopped off without trial.

A missionary had once tried to preach the Gospel of love to that tribe of fear and death, but he had been seized and held for ransom. Rum was asked in exchange for his life, but he had escaped before the price had been paid.

Mary Slessor, a woman, alone with God yearned for that wild tribe. For twelve years she laboured on the coast, and then she turned her face inland toward that lawless country of Okoyong. One fine morning she went up the river in the canoe of King Eyo, the black chief of the coast. 7

The river was a wonderful mass of shining silver. The banks were overshadowed by dense vegetation. The leaves of the trees and flowers of gorgeous colours were reflected in the water, and as they paddled, the paddlers sang the praises of the white woman,—Ma Slessor, as she was called, “Ma” being a title of respect. Ma Slessor, shaded from the sun by a network of palm leaves, listened indifferently to the songs! She was lost in thought. “How would the people of Okoyong receive her? They might be on the war-path! If that were so, she and her paddlers would surely be killed, for the Okoyong people were sworn enemies of the tribes of the coast.” But still she did not fear. She trusted her Father. It was on His business she was bent, and He would not fail her. “Man can not do anything for that wild tribe,” she thought. “God alone can change their hearts.”

At last she landed, and through the forest, reached one of the villages, Ekenge. A crowd of natives surrounded her. Her daring awed them! Her fearlessness they could not understand! What! A white woman who asked if she could settle among them and teach them! What an unusual thing! Had she not heard of them? Yes, she had, but *she* wanted them to hear her tidings of love, her good news. They did not want to know. They said they did not want to

be taught. But . . . they promised to let her stay! She obtained their consent that her hut would be sacred, that her yard would be a place of refuge. She asked for a schoolhouse, and again they promised that it would be safe from attack.

Then she started back to the coast to get her belongings and come again a month later to begin life among them. That return journey to the coast was a hard one. As they went down the stream, rain overtook them,—a tropical rain, where the water comes down in sheets, and nothing can stand the downpour. Mary Slessor was soaked through. Then as ill luck would have it, the tide became so strong that, for two hours, the canoe had to lie in a small cove. Her paddlers thought she was asleep and would whisper: "Don't rock the canoe, Ma is asleep!" But sleep was far from her.

Fascinated by the swift rush of the current, she watched. Something was floating toward her, carried by the stream; nearer and nearer it came, and soon she saw what it was,—a dead snake. Then something else floated by,—a human body. Not five yards away, the rotten branch of a tree, covered with mud, was dipping into the water. Hundreds of crabs were crawling up and down its length, trying very hard to stick to it, fighting with the black mud and the current. Sometimes, some would slip into the water and would be carried away after desperate efforts. Mary, watching their fight, would feel the anguish of it all, and she wondered whether her fight at Okoyong would be a losing one,—whether she too would be carried away by the tide,—that of darkness and of superstition.

At last they reached the coast town, and Mary made ready for the greatest move of her life. At dawn, one morning she was ready to leave! But she was not alone. In the twelve years of her stay, she had taken into her heart and into her home, at different times, five little coloured children, most of them twins who had been abandoned in the bush, and left there to die,—as twins were supposed to bring bad luck, and a curse to any household. With these she undertook the journey to her new settlement, for they could not yet take care of themselves, and could not be left behind.

It was a rainy morning that they started. Everything was dismal as could be. Under the rain, the canoe was loaded with the boxes of the little family, and provisions for the way, and under the rain they cast off. It seemed a long way up the stream, and light was fast disappearing when they reached the landing beach,—four miles from Ekenge. Mary and her little party then started on ahead,—the men were to follow with the boxes.

A strange procession it was, in the deepening twilight. The oldest boy came first, carrying a box of tea on his head; another boy followed, then a little lad of three, then five-year-old Janie, and Ma Slessor closing up the rear with little baby Annie astride her shoulders. As they walked through the forest, water would drip from the leaves and wet branches would swish into their faces. Janie began to cry: "Ma, when will we get there?" The tiniest of the boys then set up a wail: "I am cold, let's go home!"—"We are all soaked through, and we are cold. Will it be warm where we are going?" next inquired the small leader

of the party. "I hope so, my lads," Ma Slessor answered, "but we shall never get there if we are not brave and walk on faster than this. Shall we sing?" and, forgetting her weariness, the rain, and the wet clothes clinging to her body, she burst forth into song, —marching songs, nonsense songs, hymns, all kinds of songs; the little ones joined in, picked up courage, and the four miles were shortened in this way.

After a while a clearing suddenly appeared, and the village was reached. A light shone in a distant hut, but no one seemed to be there to welcome the strangers. An African welcome is always a noisy affair, but no sound broke the stillness of the night. Mary clapped her hands, and a slave came out from a yard. "Where is the chief?"—"His mother has died in the neighbouring village."—"Did he not know we were coming?"—"Yes, but he had to go and celebrate at the funeral." "Show me my hut." The black did so, and Ma Slessor, after preparing some hot tea for the children, put them to bed. This done, she waited. The men were coming from the river with the boxes, and she longed for those boxes. In them, she would find a warm blanket for the little ones while they slept, and a change of clothes for herself. Shivering, in the hut lit by one flickering candle, she waited.

Suddenly, a messenger arrived, a boy: "Ma Slessor, the men are too tired to bring the boxes to-night. They will follow to-morrow."—"Man alive," and Mary Slessor jumped from her corner, "man alive! We may be dead to-morrow with the cold and the wet!" And off she started, back on the weary path to the river. The night was very still, the forest was

very dark, and as she ran on and on, she could hear the dismal cries of the night-birds, the flap of bats' wings very near to her face, and, once in a while breaking the stillness, the roar of man-eating animals. But still, on she went, shouting as she ran to frighten them away. Suddenly she stopped. The path she could no longer see, and back of her, she heard the sound of running feet. Somebody was on her trail! For a moment, her heart stood still. But then she heard a voice, shouting: "Ma, Ma, where are you?" The boy messenger had followed her. "Ma, I have come, for I can not let you go back alone!" In a moment, all anxiety was gone, and, with a glad heart touched by the lad's loyalty, Mary went on.

The night was still as dark, but though she sometimes lost sight of her escort in the night, and more than once they both slipped in the mud, light was shining in Ma's soul, a radiant glow from her heart seemed to lighten up the darkness, and she forgot her troubles. At last, they both came to the landing place. Inside the canoe, sheltered by canvas, the men were sleeping. Roughly the white woman pushed back the covering. "Up," she shouted, "up, your task is not done. Shame on you!" and as she talked to them, she shook them one by one. Shamed by her example, they picked up their loads and started for the village.

Thus did Mary Slessor begin her work at Okoyong, and her fight for Righteousness. She had come, in the midst of great difficulties, with no white companion, a little woman pitted against a world of dark deeds and dark thoughts. She saw and felt all the intense darkness of the night and bravely fought for God for

long years alone. She came, she saw, and at last, with Christ, for Christ, she conquered!

III

THE LONG JUJU

Away inland from Calabar, there runs a little river, a very small river which is the picture of beauty. All along its course, the banks are one mass of beautiful bushes; wonderful birds flit gaily over the tranquil waters, now and then rippling them with a touch of their wings; multicoloured butterflies dart here and there,—butterflies of the brightest hues, where you could find the blue of the horizon, the red of dawn, the gold of the skies at sunset. Water-lilies, on the surface of the slow-moving creek, look up in deep peace through the high canopy of leaves, and their long stems wind down to the clear pebbly bed. Silence prevails everywhere; nature stands still, awed by its own loveliness. Hush! Something has broken the stillness, a branch has snapped somewhere.

The body of a small black boy now emerges from the mass of foliage of the banks. Stealthily, softly, he follows the creek, stopping now and then to listen intently. Another form appears,—another boy,—and together they creep silently up the river. In a place where the hills on both sides rise abruptly from the water, making a deep gorge, they suddenly stop. Way above them stands a turret, and there, above them, a guard, protecting the entrance to the long, narrow

passage. Has he heard them? No! He is leaning on an old gun, and gazes far-away above the heads of the two little lads. These now go up the gorge and come to a stand-still where the river widens out into a large pool.

A little island is seen,—a pretty green island in the centre of which is a hut, half-hidden behind thick trees. In front of the hut stands a table,—upon the table a human skull, with bones strewn all around. In the pool are many fish,—queer looking fish with bulging eyes and short bodies. The two boys stop. One of them settles down in the grass, unrolls a long cord from around his bare body, and now prepares to fish with a hook and bait. The other stares at his courage! What, have the audacity to try and catch the sacred fish of the Long Juju! Does his friend not know that death is the penalty? For the hut is the abode of the Long Juju, an idol made of wood and stone but made alive by the cruelty and the greed of the priests,—the priests of the Aros tribe.

Onoyom, the younger of the lads, draws away from his friend. He is too much afraid! Just at that moment, an arm is slowly thrust out of the bush back of the fishing boy; it clutches him by the shoulder and draws him back into the foliage! A scream, and the lad disappears! A canoe crosses the pool to the island; a struggling form between two tall figures is seen entering the hut, and silence reigns again. The water goes on its course, but there is blood dyeing it red, and the white petals of the lovely water lilies grow pink at the touch. The Long Juju has had a human sacrifice!

Onoyom has seen it all. He stands where he is, transfixed, rooted to the ground with fear. Twilight slowly deepens and he is still at the same spot. From the forest, there comes now a weird sound, the sound of African drums, with an accompaniment of chants. On the other side of the river there appears a party of men,—pilgrims to the Long Juju,—a whole tribe coming to ask the god questions of great importance. Priests are with them, and small numbers at a time cross to the island. Soon they enter the hut, and Onoyom waits to see if they will reappear. One man comes out,—where are the nine who went in with him? Another man comes out again,—where are his companions? But the water is not red this time, for the priests of the Aros have not needed human blood. The fate of these pilgrims will be a living death. By many underhand ways, the victims will be carried through the forest and sold as slaves: slaves are always needed and these will bring high prices. These pilgrims will never know the answer to their questions, they will not need to have them solved, for, sold far away inland to other tribes who will not know their dialect, they will be lost indeed. As to those who have come out free, they will be satisfied with the words,—the Long Juju knows best!

Onoyom stands until the last pilgrim has entered the hut. Then, at last, dread gives him wings, and away he runs through the darkness, back the way he has come. Late, very late in the night, a long time after the moon has risen and the stars have all come out, a panting lad reaches his hut, his home.

Since that time, little Onoyom lived in fear; when-

ever the Long Juju was mentioned the queerest feeling overtook him and he trembled all over! Still, he went to the cannibal feasts, up the lovely creek, several times a year, with all his people, but he went with fear in his heart, fear that was deepened when he saw his people drink at these feasts,—drink till they dropped half-stupefied, half-dead with the gin and rum. Then again, at the return journeys, some were always missing, and those who knew whispered: "The Long Juju has taken him," or "The Long Juju has taken her."

One day, Onoyom was playing on the landing beach of his little village when, down the creek, far away, he saw a canoe approaching. Up it came and soon it landed at the beach. But what was that,—a man stepped out and lo! his skin was not black! He had a pale face, and pale hands, and his body was hidden beneath queer clothes! The men on the beach fled at his approach,—they had never seen the like of him! But, strange to say, fear again held Onoyom rooted to the spot. The white man came up to him and spoke, and Onoyom understood what he said, for he used his own tongue! "Well, my lad, can you take me to the chief of your village? I have business with him." The boy seemed to lose all fear, for the voice was kind, the face was smiling,—a kind, open face that told of love. Onoyom looked up into the clear eyes and led the way to the village and to the chief.

Under the palaver shed, the meeting place of the tribe, the white man spoke, with row upon row of coloured men all around him, all armed to the teeth, eagerly watching their chief for the signal of life or death. To the astonishment of Onoyom, the signal

was not given! On and on, the white man talked, and there the little lad sat, drinking in the words! Hark! What was the white man saying,—that there was but one God, who was our Father, whose name was love!

Onoyom looked at *his* father, sitting immovable in the circle. He saw him, clothed in nothing but his war-paint and a belt of straw and leaves, with stern eyes and numerous scars on his face, fiercely grasping his spear! Onoyom was afraid of his father! The white man's God must be other than that: *He* was a loving Father, one whose children need not fear; and Onoyom, who trembled at the sight of his father, who trembled at the name of the Long Juju, who trembled at the warriors of his tribe, who trembled at the thought of the evil spirits whom he believed to be all around, Onoyom looked on without fear! For the first time his heart was at peace. But the white man ceased talking and then went the way he had come, and fear came back to the little boy's heart, for the moment the stranger had gone he was seized and cruelly beaten by the men of his tribe. He had been the one to lead the white man to the village, and he deserved to be severely punished for that. If the village was under a curse, it would be the white man's doing, and Onoyom was responsible for bringing him there!

But nothing happened to the village, and Onoyom felt more at ease. Days went by and grew into months, and months grew into years and yet nothing new happened. Still Onoyom went to the feasts at Arochuku, the abode of the bloodthirsty idol, and still he beheld the orgies and sometimes took a share

in them,—orgies at which men were killed and then eaten, to please the Long Juju! Then, Onoyom's father died and ten little girls were sacrificed at his death to keep company to the great man's spirit in the life to come. Later on, the young man married, married several wives, and still there was the same fear in his heart, the same longing in his soul; still he remembered the white man and his strange speech.

One day, strange news came up from the coast. "White men were coming! white men with guns and swords,—white men to stop the feasts at Arochuku,—white men to avenge the death of the victims of the Long Juju!" And the white men came,—up the gorge, up to the island,—and the white men destroyed the idol, and took all arms away from the chiefs of the Aros, took all power away from them and from the priests, but the only man whom they trusted in that vast, unexplored region, the only man who proved himself trustworthy, was Onoyom. The white men did not take away *his* gun; they knew he would be the friend of white men, and they made him judge and chief over the whole district.

Onoyom was sitting in his hut one day, in the heat of the day, when one of his slaves came running in,—“Master, Master, your favourite wife has borne you twins!” And from the yard where his women were kept, there came a wailing sound. The mother of the twins appeared, too ill to walk, and, dragging herself forth to the bush, the wilderness, under a shower of stones, followed by the curses of the people. There was no one to pity her, for the people all believed that twins brought a terrible curse. No one would touch

her, no one would henceforth bring her food. No, no one pitied her! No one? Yet, Onoyom, her husband, stood afar off, with fear in his heart but also with love struggling with his fear.

Soon the people came for the twins and killed them. That night, Onoyom could not sleep. He was cursed of the gods! Surely some man must be responsible for that curse, some man must have woven it. He must go in search of that man, and kill him. Perhaps then the fear in his heart would disappear. But as he thought of his wife, alone in the bush, ill and hungry, pity for her at last conquered, and he went forth into the silent night, not in search of the man, but on an errand of mercy. He carried with him corn-meal cakes and fruit; at the foot of a big tree, way out of the village, he laid down the food, hid in the tall grass, and watched. Soon, in the moonlight, he saw a woe-begone figure creep to the spot. He saw her eagerly seize the meal prepared for her and creep away, and for the first time into Onoyom's heart came a ray of light. He dared do no more, however, and fear coming back, he returned to his hut!

Some time after that, coming home from the hunt one evening, Onoyom saw smoke, far away, rising up to the sky; the sky was red. "Fire," he cried out, hastening on. At the entrance of his village, a slave met him. "Your hut has burned down, O Master!"—"My hut?"—"Yes, your hut!" A few minutes later, Onoyom stood before a heap of smoking ashes, amid the wails of his wives. A new house was soon begun, however, and built according to white men's homes.

Instead of a circular, mud hut, Onoyom now planned a wooden structure, with windows and mosquito netting. Mosquito netting! The whole tribe jeered at that, and jeered at the windows, and jeered at the building, but Onoyom kept on.

One day, as Onoyom was sitting in palaver, that is, in conference with other chiefs, in a village far away, a slave appeared,—“Run, Master, run, your boy is very ill!” At these words, the man sprang up. The child was his only son, and his pride. Fast and faster the father ran through the forest, fear and anguish at his heart,—but while he was yet a great way off, there came to him, carried by the breeze, the distant sound of wailing. He stopped, he knew his boy was dead!

Back Onoyom turned. His boy was dead! He must find the man under whose spell he was. He must murder the man who through charms cast from far away had killed his only child,—then and then only would he be satisfied! With black anger at his heart, he fled. At a certain place, he met a man; to him he told his story, and the stranger replied: “It might be the white man’s God who is angry with you, Onoyom!” —“Who is the white man’s God? How is he to be found? A long time ago, I heard about him, but where is he?”—“Get a teacher, and read the white man’s book,—they will tell you.”—“Where shall I go for that?”—“I have the white man’s book, but the great white teacher, Ma Slessor, has just gone up this way. On her way down, she will teach you if you wait.”—“I shall wait!”

Many days Onoyom waited, and while he waited, the

stranger whom he had met read to him out of God's book, the Bible, and the black chief would sit for hours listening to the Word. Slowly, very slowly, anger crept away from his heart, but still he was bewildered, and he watched anxiously for the great white "Ma." But Mary Slessor did not pass that way on her return journey, so Onoyom missed her. Back to Akani Obio, his village, he went, and waited there for another opportunity. One day, a slave came in: "Master, the great white Ma is coming down the creek. Shall I go and get her to come here?"—"Yes," replied the chief, and the slave ran to the creek and a canoe.

Down the small river, in and out of the shade of the trees, Mary Slessor was passing; she was leaning back in her seat, resting after a hard trip, and enjoying the beautiful scenery as she was paddled home. A snake crossed the stream, bravely swimming against the current, and at last reached the other bank. Another snake was crossing ahead of the canoe. Ma Slessor was watching its progress with great interest when "Bump" went her canoe against something hard, almost upsetting her.

Another canoe had darted from the shore, right ahead of her own, and had caused the abrupt meeting. A young man stood in it, and stared at the white woman. "I beg your pardon," Ma Slessor began, "was it my paddlers' fault?"—"No indeed, Ma, I was waiting for you."—"Waiting for me?"—"Yes, my chief, Onoyom of Akani Obio, would like you to come. He wants you. I must bring you back with me."—"To Akani Obio?"—"Yes." Ma Slessor made a sign.

Her paddlers turned the canoe's head, and up another stream they sped. They reached a landing beach, and there on the beach Onoyom welcomed his visitor. He led the way to his home, and told his story.

That night, under the palaver shed, Ma Slessor spoke to the chief and to his tribe. As he listened, Onoyom thought he was once more a little boy listening to the first white man he had ever seen, and as the night wore on, and the great white Ma was still telling the same old, old story which he had heard in his childhood, his heart grew still, fear gave way to peace, and Onoyom knew that God is love.

In time, he became a Christian, but he knew that before he was baptised he must send away his wives and keep only one. He went to the bush, to a far-away village where one whom he loved was still living,—the mother of the twins. He went and brought her back. Of all, he chose her to stay with him. He was not afraid of a curse any more,—dread had left his heart,—he knew that charms could not harm those who believe in God as a loving Father, for charms do not exist. He kept that wife, and later on rejoiced in the birth of a little son.

But before the child was born, a great event happened at Akani Obio,—the building of a church, the first church in that wilderness where the Long Juju had held sway. Now, should any of you happen to sail up the lovely Enyong creek, on a Sunday morning, at a certain place you would see, in the distance, a church tower, and from that tower there waves a white flag, to tell the people that this is the day of rest, and

from that tower will come the distant pealing of a bell. In the village of Akani Obio, you will no longer see human beings drunk with gin, for there is prohibition.

The reign of the Long Juju is over! The reign of Christ has begun!

FRANÇOIS COILLARD

I

THE LITTLE TURKEY-HERDER

Once upon a time . . . ! Oh! this is going to be a fairy-story, you will say! And immediately, you will see in your mind's eye, a little shepherd who became a king, a little goose-girl who became a queen! Well, this is not to be a fairy tale, and yet, . . . yet, it is the story of a little turkey-herder who became the leader of a whole people, a little boy who was to lead a whole race from superstition into light.

Far away from here, in the centre of France, that little lad was born, and his name was François Coillard. On a very hot day of a very hot summer, at the time of year when the poppies are all in bloom in French fields of wheat, and the corn-flower shows blue, you could have seen an elderly woman eagerly scanning a meadow for a trace of her very small boy. The turkeys she could very well see, parading about in the tall grass,—they kept well together,—but where was the little herder?

At last she spied him, far down the little brook, perched on the branch of a willow-tree, from whence he commanded a great view of the herd he had in charge. But just then, he did not seem to care very much for the turkeys, he was engrossed in a book, and only

looked up when his mother touched his elbow. "François," she said, "François, my little one, we are going home, home to Asnières." The tiny lad jumped down from the tree. "Oh, good," he exclaimed, "then I can go to school!" Go to school! His one great ambition! Yet he was only eight, but in his mind were great thoughts. A great future was already dreamed of in that small head of his! He would be a minister, he would take care of his mother, and teach the people in the way of God.

So back they went to Asnières, to the house where François was born, which they had left two years before under the stress of great poverty to work on a farm not very far away. A warm welcome awaited them. For days already the old women, spinning and knitting on the village green, had talked the event over among themselves.

"So Mother Kindness is coming back!" they said to each other,—*"Mother Kindness"* being Mrs. Coillard's surname,—*"I always said she would not be away long!"*—*"Well, it's two full years, Neighbour Rosalie, and I am sure we shall not know the boy any more,—they say he has grown so, the 'little cousin.'"* The *"little cousin"* was the name under which the little turkey-herder was known among the Protestants of his native village. But the boys there also had another name for him,—*"Come-too-late!"* How often was he greeted by that nickname; whenever he was late anywhere, at school or at play, how Jacques, and Charles, and Robert, and Pierre would laugh at him, saying: *"Oh, he can't help it; he always came too late!"* And if you had asked why they teased him thus, they would

have explained that little Coillard was the youngest of nine children, and had come seven years after the eighth,—as an after-thought, so it seemed!

One thing was changed in the village of Asnières when the boy and his mother came back to it. The old minister was no longer there. Another was in his place,—a Mr. Bost. How scared of the new minister little François was, when, the very first Sunday he was there, in the middle of the sermon the pastor stopped short, and looking intently at one man in the congregation, quietly said: "When Brother Allard will have waked up from his sleep, I will go on with what I have to say." An awkward silence followed, the sleeping man woke up with a start at the interruption of the preacher's voice, and Mr. Bost went on; but among his congregation, there was a very small boy, trying very hard to keep *his* eyes open! What a disgrace it would be if the great man in the pulpit should ever stare at him in that way, and say that he was sleeping instead of listening!

One day, it was not Mr. Bost who went up to the pulpit. Instead, an imposing, but kindly-looking man spoke,—a son of Mr. Bost. He had something in his hands, which he laid on the desk,—little bits of wooden dolls. He took these up, and said that he came from a far-away land where the people knew not Christ, and worshipped, that is, bowed down to, these little dolls, as gods. Then he spoke of that dark land, and told of his adventures there, of his efforts to win the people to know God as their loving Father. And François listened, wide-eyed, open-mouthed, hanging on the speaker's lips.

The next Sunday, at Sunday-School, Miss Marie Bost, his teacher, told more about the work in Africa, and asked her scholars to bring pennies to help in the work. Pennies! Poor "little cousin," he had none, for his mother was very poor, and toiled all day for just enough to keep soul and body together. Pennies! They had to be earned, and earning pennies when one is but eight years old is no easy task.

On coming home from school, one afternoon, however, François passed the school-master's garden, and there he spied the teacher planting cabbages. Planting cabbages was no easy work, for manure had to be picked up from the village road, and brought to the garden to enrich the soil. Into each hole, in with each cabbage, the old man had to put a handful, and so, at the expense of time and energy, the wheelbarrow had to be brought back and forth from the road, filled with the manure. An idea struck François. Timidly rolling his cap between his fingers, he came near to the school-master. "Please, sir, could I earn a few pennies, if I get the manure for you?" The old teacher looked up. "Oh, is that you, 'little cousin'? You are too small, and the wheelbarrow is too heavy for you." "Oh, no, sir," poor François faltered, "I should like to so much. I want to earn pennies for Miss Bost to send to Africa. Won't you let me?" A smile lit up the old school-master's face. "All right," he said.

The next Sunday, at Sunday-School, François was the proud possessor of two pennies which he dropped with somewhat of a "clang" into the collection box for the little blacks in Africa. Never before had he been so happy!

Not only was the "little cousin" eager to give to the work, he was eager to know more about it, and the minister kindly let him have the books and pamphlets of the Missionary Society. These François simply devoured! Soon he was called upon to tell about the stories he read. Every fall, in France, in the part of the country where the chestnuts are a-plenty, the peasants meet after their day's work in the fields, and all together, sometimes at one house, sometimes at another, they pick the nuts. Often, very often, at the small farm-house of Mother Kindness, you would find such a gathering. And what talking, what laughing went on, while on the hearth the wood blazed, throwing a ruddy glow over all the faces, and outside, the wind howled around the old chimney and the dogs barked at the moon. On such occasions, the "little cousin" was called upon. "Hey, little François, you know so much, tell us one of your stories from Africa."

Then the boy would rise, his face beaming, and he would tell what he knew. Sometimes, ghost-stories would be told by others, sometimes songs would be sung by men, but always, the peasants would come back with pleasure to the tales of Dark Africa, which the little cousin told so well. They lived his words;—he made them see the thick forests of the land, he made them feel the life the savages lived far away down there, and he made them tremble at the black men's passions, at their wild, reckless, hopeless way of living.

"Mother," François announced one evening, "some day, I shall be a missionary!"—"Oh, François, my little one, do not say that. It is a glorious calling, but what

would I do without you? Better be a minister as you had first planned out. But we shall see how the Lord will guide you."

Meanwhile, it seemed many, many a time as if the boy would not be able to carry out any of his plans. Poverty gnawed at the door, and Mother Kindness found it hard indeed to keep her child at school. François' brothers, all grown-up men with families, would often have words with their mother about the little "come too late." "Mother, you spoil that boy of yours. He will never be good for anything if you pamper him in this way. He ought to be at work in the fields. At twelve we were working. He to be a minister? Nonsense! You'll only make him a conceited good-for-nothing!" But the poor Mother Kindness stood up for her littlest one. "You know he is not strong enough to work in the fields."

François saw that his mother worried, nevertheless, and he tried to do all he could to ease her burden. One Saturday morning, he got up earlier than usual, at five, and prepared himself the baskets of cheese and butter that Mother Kindness went to sell every week at the town-market. "Mother, you stay home. I can walk to the city. I shall sell these things for you." And out he set. As the neighbours met him on the road, they would stare. "Why, little cousin, is Mother Kindness ill?"—"No, but, from now on, I shall take her place." Arrived at the market place, François occupied the corner where his mother always sat, and again came numerous queries about her. "Was she ill? Why had she not come?" Everybody loved Mother Kindness, but everybody seemed to like Fran-

çois too! In an incredibly short time, his cheese and eggs were all gone. Customers were attracted by his youthful face and manners, his desire to please and his politeness. How proud he felt when his first sale was done and the money resting in his small palm! After this, every Saturday saw him at his place at the market, and he became a great favourite. Every Saturday, at noon, he would skip home, with a light and happy heart,—almost as light as his empty baskets.

But there came a time when the widow could no longer support her son. Then François went away from home to become a gardener apprentice at the château of a big lady who promised to befriend him. But he led a hard life there. From morning till night, day in and day out, he toiled,—sometimes in the garden, and sometimes in the house. There he was taught to polish the floors with wax, and a hard, useless job he thought it was! When they were waxed, they were slippery, and he could not see how people liked to walk on slippery floors! HE certainly did not! But he had to polish them all the same, and he did his best. When sunset came, and work in the garden was over, he was called in by the dinner bell. Then he had to set the table and serve at table, a thing he dreaded more than anything else, for those slippery floors were so treacherous!

One day, there was company, and from the servants' hall, he could hear the murmur of many voices. The butler called to him for a great pile of plates to be carried in. A few steps separated the pantry from the dining-room. Carefully the little boy was stepping down those stairs, when, suddenly, without warning, he

slipped, and "Crash" went the whole pile of dishes on the floor! "Bang" went his weight against the dining-room door! Poor François! mortified, terrified, there he stood amid the heap of broken ware, and from the dining-room his mistress came to ask about the terrific noise. She caught the whole tragedy at a glance. She also caught sight of her small servant's terror-stricken face, and she did not scold. She knew he was sufficiently punished for his awkwardness; she knew also that he was not used to waxed stairs!

Many a night little François would come to his dimly-lighted garret room so worn-out, so tired, that all he could do was to fall asleep. Yet his mother's last advice would rest heavily upon his heart those days. "Little one, never forget to pray and to read your Bible before you go to bed at night." He could see her, his own darling mother, at the canal where she had come to say good-bye, where she had left him after a last farewell, and when he thought of the way he was failing in his promise to her, tears started up in his eyes.

But, his dear mother, did she know that her little lad, who was to be a minister, had not a minute to himself in those days, that he was kept at manual work from dawn till night, and that when he was caught with a book in his hand, was jeered at and made fun of? No, she did not know till long afterward. Meanwhile, when François, who had a natural instinct for growing flowers, would do particularly well, the praise he would get was in this form: "Good, my lad, you shall be head-gardener some day." This praise from the lady of the house would make the old gardener so

jealous that on those days he would apply himself to making Coillard's life a torture. Yet he need not have been afraid of his small apprentice's future success in that line. What was it to be head-gardener when one had set his mind to dreams of preaching, to visions of work among souls!

Finally, winter came, the owners of the château went to spend the season in Paris, and François was left alone with the gardeners. These made life so miserable for him that he gathered up all his courage one night and wrote to his mistress. I suppose he vented his indignation freely and in words that were none too wise, for the letter brought his immediate dismissal.

Back he came to Asnières.

After a while he went out again to serve in another family. There he was often scolded, for his thirst for knowledge would make him sit up at night till one or two o'clock in the morning, poring over books. But the Kirbys were wise. After several scoldings they saw that the lad was bound to be something else than a butler, so they helped to send him to a school where young men without means were given an education. What joy when Coillard realised that at last he was to be given a chance! The chance he made a great deal of, for in the next chapter, we shall see him in Africa, an ordained minister, working among the blacks among whom he had longed to go!

II

"TREK!"

"Come," had said the chief Masonda through a messenger, several months before, "come and I shall protect you." And so Coillard had come. There he was, it seems, encamped not far away, in the deep gorge that lay below Masonda's village. And Masonda called a witch-doctor to him, and all the charms and relics of his ancestors, and he also called in his best warriors, and together, at the top of the rocky mountain side, their heads bent close in secret parley, the black men were plotting how best to get rid of the white man and his wife, how best to plunder their wagons, how best to get hold of their oxen and all their belongings, and how best to kill the other black people who had come with them.

For Coillard had not come alone, but with his wife, and his niece, and several black Christian friends of the tribe of the Basutos among whom he had worked for many long years. Among them was Asser, who had been one of the first to approve of the plan of founding a new mission further inland, manned with the converts of his tribe. There were also the other evangelists, that is, the men who had come to carry out the plan, to carry the Gospel which had done so much for them, to fierce tribes whom they knew not. They had, for the most part, come with their families. Then there was Eleazar, the driver of the first wagon, the devoted Eleazar, with his pipe in his mouth and his long whip in his hand.

Now they had come to a standstill. They had come to the land of Masonda, in response to the latter's invitation. That day their three wagons, drawn each by sixteen powerful oxen, had arrived at the rocky pass or gorge, upon the steep banks of which the black chief lived. The people of the tribe, that is the Banyais, had surrounded the foreigners immediately after their arrival, and pressed them closely, keeping up an incessant clatter with their tongues, and ready to grasp anything new and strange.

In Africa, the custom is for a chief to meet foreigners in person,—especially invited guests, but the day had almost gone, and Masonda had not yet appeared. A vague uneasy feeling overcame Coillard and his men. The country seemed peaceful enough, they had encamped at a lovely spot, but yet those high crags, here and there hidden behind dense foliage, to them were oppressive. Something strange pervaded the atmosphere, and . . . the chief had not come! Moreover the people were all armed,—children as well as men. At last, way above, a party of warriors appeared; they neared the encampment, and then from their midst, a strange yell arose. At that piercing shout, the crowd around the missionary gave signs of terror and fled, making room for the party.

"It must be the chief," thought Coillard, but it was not. It was Katsi, Masonda's nephew. He sat, or rather squatted at a distance, and began to speak: "Masonda sends greetings to the white man, bids him welcome to his home. Here is an ox, eat and rest." So he sat, spoke and then stared. Poor Katsi,—what a repulsive sight he was:—small, thickly-built, with

stooping shoulders and but one eye, with his face scarred with small-pox, his head covered with a poultice of lard, his forehead adorned with a row of bright yellow buttons, with no clothes but the hide of a leopard, a huge hunting knife under one arm, and a big bow in his hand, he looked like anything but a human being.

Coillard answered his greeting with a present for Massonda,—a beautiful woollen blanket of bright colours and fine weave, and this he sent to the chief by Asser and Eleazar. Soon it had the desired effect,—Massonda came back with the men. He clapped his hands in salute, and Coillard and his party clapped theirs in answer. Then the chief began a tour of inspection, and nothing escaped his gaze,—the dogs of the expedition, the pigs, the few donkeys, but what struck him most were the huge wheels of the wagons. “What, are the trees of your country that size?” he inquired. He had to be told that each wheel was not made out of one single piece. Next, he asked what sugar was for. The missionary made him taste it. Then, he drank his first cup of coffee, but he did not like it. “To-morrow,” he said as he departed, “to-morrow, you must come and visit me.” Coillard promised, and the chief’s party went.

It was dark.

Now, in Africa, when you are given the present of an ox, the right thing to do is to kill it, to show grateful acceptance of the gift,—but the white man’s friends were anxious. “Master,” they said, “we do not like the looks of the people; do not kill the ox. We do not want their hospitality!”—“But you have come from far,

my men, to bring the Gospel to this tribe. They certainly need it. That is why I shall stay and kill the ox." So the animal was slaughtered, and they all retired for the night.

Early in the morning Coillard, his wife, and three others started for the village of the chief. The path was very steep, the rocks were slippery, the sun beat down fiercely upon the travellers. They arrived at the top of the mountain out of breath and in great perspiration. "Where is the chief?" they inquired. "The chief is not at home," was the astonishing answer! Had he not invited them? He knew they were coming. What were they to do? Wait, the people said, the chief would soon come. Coillard despatched a messenger to tell Masonda that they were come. Hours passed by, and the messenger did not return. There the foreigners were,—in a rocky enclosure, with no protection against the sun, and as the day wore on, hunger as well as weariness overcame them. Bravely they fought against it,—they spoke to the people, and once in a while François Coillard would rise, and try to move away, but each time Katsi and his mother held him back, saying, "He is coming, he is coming!" And each time the white man would be obliged to sit down again.

At last, as the sun was setting, the chief appeared. No excuse did he offer for his tardiness, but led his guests to his hut,—an evil-smelling, dirty, dark hole! Coillard made his wife sit near the door, for there a ray of light and a little fresh air filtered in, but soon the entrance was blocked by Masonda's men. After explaining the purpose of his journey, the missionary

rose to depart. Masonda also rose, and with his sweetest smile spoke the following words: "The white man is my 'shangoari,'—my friend,—he can not leave without visiting my city. My sister will show him the sights." They went out, and Katsi and his mother led the way through the city. The city! Nothing but a chaos of rocks, with here and there mud huts falling to ruins. Masonda's sister was taking special care of Mrs. Coillard, took her by the arm in many a rough spot and with great solicitude loosened thorns from her dress.

"We have seen enough, it is almost dark, we must return to our camp," Coillard said at last. "Well, this is the shortest way," replied Katsi, and, taking the missionary's wife by the arm,—she shuddered at the touch,—he and his mother led her on so fast that the white man was left some ways behind with the escort of Masonda's men. Eleazar suddenly seized his teacher's arm. "Look," he said, "oh, quick," and he pointed on ahead. In spite of the deepening twilight, Coillard saw his wife being led up a slippery rock, the highest of all, a rock behind which was empty space and, if he did not come in time, eternity for her. Quick as a flash, he sprang forward, but, at Eleazar's cry, Katsi and his mother had turned. The missionary had time to grasp his wife from their clutch. "Thank God," he murmured as he clasped her in his arms. Down they went together,—their hosts following with a rather sheepish look on their evil faces.

They came way down to the camp. "We want a reward for our guidance," they said, and they would not leave. "Give us goods," they insisted, and almost a

whole bale of muslin passed into their hands before they were satisfied and left. The next morning a messenger from Masonda appeared. "The chief is not satisfied with the blanket you sent him," he said, "do not go before he comes to tell you the 'secret' of his heart." So the white man and his party waited, waited with anxious hearts which were stilled by prayer. The morning passed away, and yet the chief did not come,—not a soul came near the camp. Part of the afternoon went by, and toward evening Masonda came at last.

"You are my friend," he began, "you are my friend. I shall tell you the secret of my heart. I want powder and cartridges."—"Did you not like the present I sent you?"—"Yes, I like it, but I must have also powder and cartridges." Coillard's heart sank within him. Was that what the chief wanted? Powder and cartridges to slay men with,—to make slaves with,—to carry out murderous designs.

"No, chief," he courageously answered, "I shall not give you that. We are a peaceful expedition,—we come to you in the name of the God of peace. We have just enough powder to supply our own need of meat during our journey. We have none to give away, or to sell. If you are my friend, as you say, you will not insist." Masonda's face grew stern and forbidding. "Perhaps you are right," he said drily, "but I, I must have powder and cartridges."

Mrs. Coillard offered him one of the last oranges left. Having tasted it, Masonda looked up. "It is good," he said, "but it is not powder." Vainly Coillard tried to think of something, some article which

might please the chief. While his wife was talking to Masonda, he thought of a small American hatchet,—a brand new one, which they had never used. “Surely, he will be delighted with it,” and he brought it out. Masonda took it up, looked at it, then in terrible anger, flung it from him. “Let the white man keep his axe,” he cried, “what I want is powder and cartridges.” With these words, he stalked out.

It was night. The moon was not yet up, but the stars were all shining. To Coillard, they told of God’s everlasting love, His everlasting care for the children who were carrying out His orders, His everlasting watchfulness over those who were doing His will, and the missionary knew that they were safe in His great Father’s keeping.

Masonda had retired to the fire which his men had built near-by, and there he was holding a council of war with his warriors.

Meanwhile, Eleazar, Asser, and all the others of the white man’s party were pleading with Mrs. Coillard. “Our Mother,” they said, “our Mother, tell our Father to give these people what they want.” But firmly, yet with great love and patience, Coillard explained to his followers his reasons for refusing Masonda’s request. “We come as messengers of peace,” he said; “we must not bring war and evil to this tribe or to any other.”

Suddenly a black form loomed up at the door of the white man’s tent. “The chief wants meat to eat,” a voice said, “he demands it.” And all the meat that was being kept for the party itself passed into the hands of the hosts.

“Friendly intercourse will perhaps win the day,”

thought the missionary, and so he came to the fire where Masonda sat, and there they talked. As they talked, the white man's eye was on the mountains, and as he looked, he thought he saw black forms coming down from the heights, black forms which made an ever-thickening circle around the camp.

"It is late," Coillard said to the chief, "it is late, and the path back to your village will be dangerous in the darkness. We can talk to-morrow, before I go."—"Then give me one of your dogs," shouted Masonda. Coillard had one brought to him. "I want two!" yelled out the chief. A pair was brought. "They are too small." Coillard decided to give up his favourite, a magnificent hound he had bought some time before. "No," said Masonda, "he does not please me; give me another one."—"No," the white man answered, "no!" Suddenly the black chief rose. "To-morrow, I shall come back for my dog."—"Then," said Coillard, "remember that I shall start early."—"To-morrow, to-morrow! I shall see you to-morrow," repeated Masonda, and as he said the words, he winked maliciously. Up the mountain he retired, and the torches carried by his followers showed brightly in the night. Little by little, the circle of black forms grew thinner around the camp and gradually merged away.

But the threatening words, "To-morrow!" rang in Coillard's ears and the night at the camp was spent in prayer as the best preparation for an anxious morrow.

The next day came, and by the time the sun appeared beyond the upper crags of the mountain, the three wagons were ready to start. "Trek!" Coillard shouted, and the oxen slowly got under way. But

they did not go far: from all sides the Banyais poured down, shouting and yelling with rage at seeing their prey escaping, and in no time they had stopped the animals and surrounded the party.

Masonda appeared on a rock. Waving his arms and his spear, he was shouting at the top of his voice: "Give me my dog, blankets, and powder! A dog, blankets, and powder!" And all the crowd of his warriors took up the cry: "Powder! Powder!"—Coillard answered, "Here is your dog,—blankets I have already given you. As to powder, we are not merchants, nor hunters, nor warriors,—we have no powder to sell or to give away. If you do not like my dog, well, take one of my oxen, and let us depart in peace."—"An ox,—that is something better,—let me choose it!" said the chief, and he took the best. At last he appeared satisfied and off the missionaries went.

But in the rear, following menacingly, the tribe of the Banyais came. On the wagons rolled. Whither? Coillard knew not, for he had no guide, but down the gorge they slowly wended their way. Suddenly they came to a marshy place, the ground yielded under the oxen's weight, and unexpectedly, without warning, one of the wheels of the heaviest cart sank into the mud. Forward the oxen strained, putting their whole strength to the task, but deeper the wheels sank. Quickly Coillard out-spanned, that is,—freed the animals from the yoke, and put the others of the two smaller wagons in their place. But it proved useless! The cart did not move. Then the whole party set to work,—gathering branches, getting stones, trying by all sorts of means to raise the sunken wheels.

But that was not to be done in peace. The Banyais once more closed in upon the foreigners. Hordes of them appeared, waving their spears, their bows and arrows, each armed moreover with the inevitable knife strung to their left arms. Masonda hearing of the white man's plight, had come back, and in force. On and on the warriors came, and now they began to plunder the wagons,—they laid hold of anything they could find. A tall man, naked but for his war-paint, his face half-hidden behind strands of hair full of tallow, led the plunder,—he was one of the witch-doctors! The tumult and confusion rose higher and higher,—still down from the heights the Banyais came. At last, Coillard's men appealed to him, their loaded guns on their shoulders. "Our Father," they said, "we are going to shoot, for those people have sworn to kill us all, our wives and our children. Let us fight, Father, let us die like men, at least!"—"No," answered the white man, "if we die, let us die like Christians! You had come to save these people, not to kill them. If you shoot you will do nothing but hasten the massacre. Trust in God, He will deliver us. It is much harder to stand than to fight, but stand we must, and we will!"

Then he rushed off to try and stop the plunder, and at last he succeeded. Just at that moment, he caught sight of his wife, kneeling with all the children of the evangelists in the shadow of one of the carts. Cool and collected, they were praying, and the sight gave new courage to the men. On they went with the task of raising the sunken wagon. But the Banyais once more came near and the plunder began again. Arrows began to fly, and something he saw struck terror to

Coillard's heart: it was their ammunition box of powder on the act of being forced open by some of Masonda's men. They were quite ignorant of what it contained, but they were striking it with their hatchets, and pretty soon, the blows would make the whole explode. The box rested near the big wagon,—all would be over then, foes and friends together would be blown to pieces! But that was not to be. The missionary rushed forward, and his presence again stopped the plunder at that particular spot. Then, in despair, he ordered the oxen to be yoked once more. But Masonda seized the opportunity and caught for himself seventeen of the best.

With the rest, a most inadequate number, the missionary had to prepare to start, for the sun was almost set, and he knew that in the dense tropical darkness, all would be lost indeed,—they would be at their foe's mercy, and that meant massacre. One more desperate effort had to be made and that right away, for night settles quickly over equatorial lands.

Eleazar sat on the driver's seat. With one long lash of his whip, he enveloped the oxen. "Trek!" he shouted. "Trek," Coillard joined in. The animals all strained forward, pulling with all their might . . . but the wagon did not stir! Then, with a terrific yell, the Banyais rushed in upon their prey. But before they closed in upon the carts, the oxen, terrified by the noise, strained once more, the huge wheels slowly responded to that last effort, and the wagon moved ahead! Another mighty strain, and the cart was well under way!

Back the black men stood, amazed! "A miracle,"

they cried, "the white man's God has saved them; we cannot stand against Him!" Coillard turned to Masonda: "O chief, we are going. Our God is the only God! He has saved us from your hands. But beware! You have stolen our oxen, they are not ours, but God's! Do not kill them, for soon God will make you restore them all to us. He will demand every one of them at your hands!"

A short while afterward, Masonda received orders from the King of the Matebeles, whom he feared and to whom he paid tribute, to give back Coillard's oxen. Every one of them had to be restored. The white man's prophecy had come true!

II

THE ISLES OF DEATH

II

THE ISLES OF DEATH

AWAY across the Pacific Ocean, in a corner of it, you will find them,—the Isles of Death! Only, they will not be marked in that way in your atlas; they will be called the New Hebrides, or New Guinea, or Borneo, or they will be grouped under the title of South Sea Islands. If you do not find them, look up the land of Australia, then travel north-east:—there, lost in the immense ocean, like little dots, they may be seen, the Isles of Death.

Some indeed, have now become Isles of Light, but in others, like New Guinea, you may still find tribes who eat their neighbours up—cannibals who eat human flesh. They are not very black, those people, but neither are they white; they are not as a rule very tall,—but neither are they small: they are fierce people—but people who, under the influence of Christ, have become gentle, lovable, self-denying.

To the Isles of Death came John Gibson Paton,—a Scotch lad, an apostle of God,—that is, one who was sent, one who fought with love as his only weapon, and who wrought mighty deeds with the power of his great Captain.

JOHN GIBSON PATON

I

THE BOY WHO FOUGHT

"I shall never go back to school again, Mother!" cried a small boy, bursting open a small cottage door. The wind entered with him, a bleak, wintry breeze which played havoc in the small room, and then went as it had come, in a gust, banging the door. "What is the matter, John?" said a quiet voice. "Well, Mother, I have been flogged, and that unjustly. Just think, some one, it must have been one of the bigger boys of another class, erased the problem that our Master had written out on the blackboard yesterday and wanted to keep there. I don't know why he imagined I had done it, and done it on purpose, so as not to have to work out the problem. When I told him I did not know anything about the matter he said it was not true, took his cane, and flogged me!" John's voice had risen to a shrill cry as he explained, and the red of shame flushed his face. "I'm not going back—it is not right, and I hate him," he hissed between his teeth. Then, throwing aside his books, he flung himself at his mother's knees and, his face buried in her lap, burst into tears. For a while, a little body convulsed by great big sobs was all that could be seen. The mother sat quietly till the explosion was over, stroking the

curly shock of hair, patting the heaving shoulders. "There, there, my little lad," she said, "we'll fix it up, it will be all right in time, you will see." Little by little, the storm subsided, the hot, tear-stained face was raised to the sympathetic motherly one, and the trembling lips sought a kiss.

"Now, John, you are going back, aren't you? You know you want to be a minister; you want an education very badly, and that is the only school for miles around. What would we do if our oldest boy upon whom we count so much, was to be ignorant! Just think of the bad example you would be setting to your brothers and sisters." At first the boy refused to listen,—no, he would never go back,—but gradually he began to waver, until at last, with a sigh, he gathered his books together and moved towards the door.

Schools were not easy in those days. Children were not treated by their teachers as you boys and girls now are. For the least provocation, the least mistake in recitation, the rod was gotten out of the master's desk, and used severely on the children's hands or backs. How would *you* like to have your lessons drilled into your minds in that way?

Little John Paton very reluctantly made his way back to the school. With trembling hands, and fear in his heart, he pushed open the door. Deep silence fell over the room as the pupils saw him enter; you could have heard a pin drop. The master looked up from his desk, above his spectacles, at the approaching woe-begone little figure, but, before John had reached his desk, his voice rang out in anger, "What are you doing here? How dare you come back?"

And seizing his cane once more, the man flew at the boy; with a kick and a blow he threw him out.

With a heavy heart, but with his head up, and a firm tread, John Paton again went home,—and home he stayed. His mother comforted him the best she could. She saw that his pride had received a terrible blow, she knew that his heart ached, though this time, not a tear showed in his eyes. His hurt was deeper than tears. Later in the afternoon, there was a knock at the door and the schoolmaster came in. "I've come to apologise," he said, "and to beg John to come back. I know now who had erased the problem, and I'm sorry for what I've done. Won't you come back, my boy?" he asked, turning to the child. "No, sir," came the proud answer, ringing firmly through the room, "I shall never go back to your school." And the lad stuck to his decision, though it cost him much to give up his hopes of getting an education. "I shall stay home, and learn your trade, Father," he announced that same day, and his father, who knew all that had happened, said "yes."

Mr. Paton, Senior, was a Scotch stocking-maker and worked industriously, day in and day out, from six in the morning till ten at night, at his stocking-making frames which were set up in one part of the small cottage. Day in and day out, his young son now worked with him as an apprentice, but during the lunch hour, and late at night, he would take out his school books and ponder over them, learning by himself what he was denied the privilege of learning with others. The Paton family was very poor, and John, though not yet twelve, could not afford to stay idle,—there were ten

little brothers and sisters to look up to him, and he could not fail them.

One day his father went away to quite a distant village to sell his stockings: he would be gone for two nights, but come home with the money earned, and with supplies for the household. While he was gone, the meal-chest was discovered to be almost empty, and on the very first evening the anxious mother called her children to her side. "We are going to have evening prayers as usual," she said, "but every one of you must pray as you never have before, that God will send us food to last till your father gets home. You can have no bread to-morrow, for there is no flour to make it with, and I have not a penny to buy any, and not a penny to buy anything else."—"Mother," began one of the younger ones, "why not ask one of our neighbours?"—"Never!" answered the mother, "it is as bad to borrow food as it is to borrow money. Let us rather ask of God. He will take care of us for we are His children." And that night from that little cottage, away on the hills of Scotland, an earnest prayer indeed went up to God from eleven little hungry mouths, and eleven burdened little hearts. "Give us this day our daily bread"—the cry went up—and God heard.

The very next day, early in the morning, a cart rattled to the door.. A man came in. "I have a heavy box for you here, Mrs. Paton," he said. "It's from your father in Lockerbie, from his farm, and I do believe it's things to eat." Indeed it was! Though Mrs. Paton had never breathed a word of the hard times they were having, her father had thought of her,

and sent her a present of a bag of new potatoes, a big home-made cheese, and a measure of newly-ground flour. With thankful hearts, the mother gathered her little ones around her, and they all praised Him "from whom all blessings flow."

Some time afterward, having put aside a small sum of money at stocking-making, John went to spend six weeks at a distant school. Six weeks, will you say, why! one can't learn much in six weeks! But there were no free schools then, and six weeks was all that John could afford with his savings. While in school, he learned that an Engineer's Company of miners and sappers were surveying the county and needed boys to help them.

That company of men were taking measures and making a map of the land. The hours were from 9 in the morning till 4, and though it meant a full hour's walk to and from home every morning and every evening, John Paton offered his services. He was eager to learn, eager to get on in his studies, eager to realise his one ambition,—that of being a minister, and of preaching the Gospel. During the noon recess, while the other boys employed by the engineers played football and such like, he would take his book and spend his time quietly reading by the banks of the little river. Unknown to him, the chief of his squad,—his boss, as you would call him now, noticed him and began taking an interest in that strange boy who preferred work to play. One day, John was called into the office, and on being asked what he expected to do in life, he answered that he wanted to go in time to Glasgow University and become a minister. The boss

laughed. "Well, my boy," he said, "there is something much better coming to you. I have an offer here from the Government to have you go to Woolwich Training School, our great national school for engineers; here is a scholarship I have obtained for you, sign the contract for seven years, and it is yours. You certainly never will have such an opportunity."

To the man's surprise, John's face, which had at first showed great joy, fell; pleasure seemed to give way to disappointment. "Oh, sir," he cried, "couldn't the engagement be made for three or four years only? I could not possibly bind myself for seven years."—"And why not, pray?"—"Because I am engaged to another Master."—"What nonsense is this?" answered the chief, sternly. "Who is it?"—"Jesus Christ, sir. I have promised to work for him all my life as a minister, and in seven years I hope to have made that promise good. I should be at His service by then. But, sir, I thank you heartily all the same."

The man looked at the youth who spoke to him thus,—a mere boy,—then, in anger at seeing his offer thus spurned, he turned to his staff. "Morton," he said to the pay-master, "hand this boy his week's pay. Either he accepts my proposition, or he is dismissed on the spot. Choose," he cried, turning to the lad. "I have chosen," Paton replied firmly. He thanked the men for the kindness they had always showed him, took his money and went,—out of a job, with his hopes of going to college further off than ever, but more determined than ever before, and with his soul at rest.

Hearing of his dismissal, and the reason for it, the principal of the school where he had spent six weeks,

offered him to come to his academy free of charge, but John would then have been no help to his father, who would have had to provide for his clothing and lodging, so he refused the kind offer. "Father has enough to do to support my brothers and sisters. I am strong enough and big enough to work, and work I will."

Just then, he saw a poster on one side of the road. It read: Men wanted for the harvest at the Lockerbie Fair. So to Lockerbie town John Paton turned. Arrived at the fair ground, he went up to a farmer and asked for a job. "Well, my boy, bind a sheaf for me. You see, the mowing is all done and we are binding." So John bound a sheaf, but he had never done it before, and when the farmer picked it up, it fell apart,—the wheat stalks all scattered about once more. The farmer laughed a good-natured laugh. "Here, my boy," he said, "let me teach you," and with much pains he showed John how. The next sheaf the latter bound stood,—the third, the farmer pitched across the field, and not an ear fell out. "Good, first rate, my lad; go right ahead," and John Paton set to work. Hard work it proved—to him at least, who had never done farm-work before. As the other hands were skilled labourers, they advanced at a rapid rate, and John had a hard time to keep up with them, but he was determined "to stick it out," and "stick it out" he did, though his hands were sore and bleeding. As they worked, the men talked. They nudged each other. "Say, James, do you know who that new-comer is?"—"No, but I believe he is a tailor; look at him, a farm lad would have ruddier cheeks."—"Oh, I bet you he

is not a tailor; look at his fingers,—he has no ‘jag-gings’ of the scissors, no pricks of needles.”—“Well, then, he must be a painter.”—“A painter,” said a third, “he has no smell of paint about him.” After a few days, the harvest done, with a good pay, John went home, leaving the men still to wonder at his original trade.

But years go by, and now we find John in Glasgow entered at college. For a time he has been a church assistant, with the privilege of attending the normal seminary, but there he has worked so hard that illness has laid him low, and forced him to go home to recover. Now he has taught school for a while, to earn his way through college, but he has lent money to a friend and the money borrowed is not coming forth again, so that with anxious thoughts he looks at the nine shillings he has left. Nine shillings! that is,—just a little over two dollars in American money! All that is left! He knows that he can not live on that even for another week, and that particular day, a Sunday, he wanders about in the streets of Glasgow, wondering what he is to do, praying God to show him the way.

Suddenly, as he roamed thus aimlessly about, his eye fell on a sign tucked away to the side of a window. It read: “Teacher Wanted for Maryhill Free Church School. Apply at the Manse.” A bus was passing. John Paton, with sudden determination, jumped into it, and half an hour or so afterward, found himself standing in front of Maryhill Church. He rang at the Manse,—the home of the minister, showed his references, and applied for the position. “All right,

young man," the minister said, "but I must warn you that this is no easy job. Three teachers have already left, scared out of the place by the kind of pupils we have. They are a tough lot. Most of them come from the coal-pits and mines around here, and I am afraid you will have to use this cane quite freely." To John's mind came up the episode of his childhood, that time when he had been beaten unjustly. "Be sure I shall not use the cane, unless I absolutely have to," he replied. And he accepted the position.

The first week everything went on finely: there were but few children in the day session, and but few youths in the evening classes. One night, however, there came in two newcomers, a young man and a young woman. As John was hearing a recitation, some low giggles became audible in the corner where these sat. Then a low laugh ran through the room, and as the recitation proceeded, a coarse joke was passed around. The youth who was reciting hesitated, paused, then, catching the meaning of the joke, sat down convulsed with laughter.

John quietly laid down his book, then, staring straight at the newcomers, who were talking away at a great speed, "Silence!" he said. The talking went on, the jokes and laughs became louder. John kept his temper. "We are here to learn," he announced, "anybody who does not come here for that purpose must immediately leave the room." Nothing happened,—the noise went on as before. The following words were audible, spoken by the young man who had come in that night: "He won't dare put me out! that he won't. Just look at him,—he's no teacher, he's noth-

ing but a little boy. Nothing but a little boy, I say!" Paton looked at the youth. "Either you must be quiet or you must leave the room at once," he said again very calmly. The other stared defiantly and carried on as usual. Then a strange thing happened. In the midst of breathless silence John quietly went to the door, locked it, put the key in his pocket, and returning to his desk, took the cane.

The unruly youth had by this time assumed a fighting attitude: he stood, his shirt sleeves tucked up to his elbows, big and brawny, towering fully a head above the young schoolmaster. But the latter was not afraid. "I must be master here," he announced as he advanced, his cane uplifted. "I must and I will. Let nobody dare interfere." And the fight began. The young man struck repeatedly at Paton with his fists, but blows from the cane came showering down upon his head and shoulders. At last, bruised and subdued, he gave up, sank on his desk, and plead for mercy. Then the cane was lowered, and the young teacher went back to his desk. "Men and women," he said, "I shall be master here. If you come here to learn, I am and shall always be ready to help you. I shall never use the cane again unless you make me. I am ready to help you. Will you be my friends?" A cheer was the answer. John had won.

But the next morning an evil wind seemed to have passed on the young children of the day school. In the midst of a recitation a strange noise came from one of the corners of the room, where coal and wood were stored under a little gallery. "Miaow!" The cry startled the school. Again, a pitiful "Miaow" dis-

turbed the order, then a terrific "Bow-wow" broke the silence; a dog had evidently gotten after the cat. But John was wise: he knew that no dog and no cat had entered the room, and though puzzled at first, he soon caught on to the fact that two of the older boys were under the gallery, and there were carrying on royally. "Bow-wows" and "Miaows" continued to disturb the recitations. In vain did Paton order the culprits out of the woodpile. In vain did he threaten them,—they kept on with their game. Finally John went to the door of the school-room, locked it as he had done the evening before, then quietly went on teaching in spite of the disturbance.

A little earlier than usual, he prepared for the noon-hour recess, struck up a hymn and marched the pupils around the room as if to dismiss them. Then the two boys came out of their hiding-place, and took the head of the little procession, singing—no, rather shouting—the hymn at the top of their voices. Now was John's chance, and he seized it. Grasping the two boys by their collars, he ordered the rest of the children back to their seats, and he forced the young disturbers to their knees in the centre of the room. He raised his cane above them, and . . . then he stopped. "Children," he announced to the others, "you will be a jury to sit on the case. Do you think these boys guilty?"—"Yes!" the answer was yelled out cheerfully. "What shall the punishment be?"—"Thrash them!" was the unanimous reply, shouted again with lusty energy. The cane was about to fall once more when the young schoolmaster hesitated. "Boys and girls," he said, "this is their first offence. Shall we let them off this

time if they apologise?" Some of the children said yes, some said no,—Paton decided for them in the affirmative. The culprits rose from their knees, made an awkward apology, then were set free. From that time on, when they had so narrowly escaped a well-deserved beating, there never were two more loyal, more devoted pupils, and when their beloved teacher left, a few months later, it was those two unruly boys who presented to John Paton the letter of grateful appreciation of what he had done for the school.

John Paton had once more won.

II

ADVENTURES INDEED

There was war on Tanna. Tanna was a small island among the Isles of Death. It was one of the worst. Its inhabitants were liars, thieves, murderers, and . . . cannibals! John Paton had settled on Tanna, one of the hardest fields of work. There he had built a little house among the Harbour people. But the Harbour people were at war, at war with the Inland tribes. War! War with treachery lurking everywhere, death without warning, the eating up of prisoners, and the eating up of the dead. And death perpetually hung over the missionary's head.

One day a message came from another missionary and his wife, at work on the opposite side of the island. "They were ill, and they were starving; if Mr. Paton

could possibly spare them some flour, it would be a blessing indeed." Paton did not hesitate. He knew that Mr. and Mrs. Mathieson were faithful servants of the Lord, but weak in body, and that food meant life or death to them. "Who will go with me?" he asked some of the Harbour people. "Oh! Missi" (that is the way they called the white man), "Missi, we cannot go with you. What, cross the island! It would mean sure death to us."—"But, my friends, I ask you to go around by sea."—"Missi, the wind is too strong, the waves are too high. We do not want to die."

Finally, however, two chiefs consented to man one of the canoes and try the journey. John Paton took a big pot with an air-tight cover, packed it full of flour, and set forth. The paddlers were strong, the canoe sped over the water at a good rate, and in the middle of it sat the white man, the only one there who could not swim, and at each lash of spray, at each drenching from the waves, he would lift up his heart to God and pray that his last day may not yet have come. Arrived within two miles of their destination, the chiefs decided to land and to walk to the Mathiesons'. They knew they were among friendly tribes at that point, and the sea was getting so rough that they thought it best not to risk the canoe further.

But how would they get to shore? That was a grave question indeed! Between them and the land rose mountains of angry surging water, a high surf beating upon the well-protected beach,—waves which none but skilled swimmers would dare to cross. Still, a landing had to be tried, so try it the little party did.

Suddenly, as a smaller surge appeared, one of the chiefs cried out: "Missi, we are going to ride in," the paddles all struck the water at the same time and the canoe fairly flew along the crest of the wave. Then what had to happen, happened. The wave broke on the coral reef, and the canoe, tossed from one side to the other, upset most of the passengers. The natives swam vigorously to shore, but Paton, in spite of the half-filled boat, still clung to his seat, . . . and to the crock of flour. One of the chiefs, seeing his plight, came to his rescue. Bravely, just as another wave was rushing forth, he seized the white man by the collar, and reached the beach with him, safe and sound. The other chief calmly made a landing in spite of the foaming water, with the precious pot on his head. Not a drop of water had gone through the tightly-sealed lid, and the flour had been saved.

How thankful the Mathiesons were when, late in the afternoon, they saw their friend appear! "Stay with us over night," they plead, but Paton determined not to remain: he knew that the natives always watched for just such an opportunity to plunder the mission house, and though he had left there a native evangelist from a neighbouring island, he dared not leave him alone any longer at the mercy of an attack. So he announced his decision to the chiefs. "What, Missi, you cannot mean to return to-night? See, the sun is almost set, the sea is too angry to go back that way, and you certainly cannot cross the island on foot."—"Well, my friends, that is just what I expect to do. You know yourselves that at night your people do not dare go out. They are afraid of darkness, and so I

run no great danger.”—“But, Missi, sometimes when they are many, they do prow! about at night. We shall go home to-morrow with the canoe, when the evil spirits are quiet, both on land and on sea.”—“All right, my love to you, my friends! I must return.” And taking leave of the missionary and his wife, Paton left.

Night had settled over the land when he set forth, fearlessly, alone with God,—a dark, pitch-dark night, and as he followed the sea-shore or the top of the cliffs, the sound of the surf, of the waves breaking on the rocks, alone broke the stillness. Little by little, the wind died down, and only the very faint ripple of the water could be heard. Suddenly Paton stopped. For a while, he had been running, but now, though he could not see them in the intense darkness, he felt that some natives were near. Intently he listened, and from a few yards away, there came voices: a native party was going fishing. Silently the white man crept to the bush, and after a while went back to the shore. Soon he had to stop again,—a huge rocky plateau, projecting into the sea, blocked his way. He could not go around it, for the waves broke deep at the base,—the only way to turn the difficulty was to follow the path which led to the top, and there go inland.

Up the steep surface the missionary climbed, painfully, slowly, hanging on to roots, to twigs, to projecting ledges of stone. Once he had seized a treacherous twig,—the branch was dead and snapped. He felt himself slipping, slipping, and thought that all was lost. No, his hand met another bush and grasping it broke his fall. Slowly he made his way up again,

and at last reached the top. After resting a few minutes he cautiously crept along the ledge of rocks. To avoid villages, he knew he had to crawl very near the edge, a thing he could not have done in day time, for the rock there swept straight down and the height of it alone would have made him dizzy. But night mercifully hid some of the dangers. A deep ravine now crossed his path and he had to swerve further inland to avoid it. Suddenly his heart stood still, and quick as a flash he threw himself down. Another party of natives was passing—Paton was so near as to touch them,—but they passed, and to his right he saw fires through the bush. Crawling nearer, he heard men speaking, and their language was that of one of the most heathen villages of the island, one where dwelt his worst foes! He now realised that he had lost his way, but the fact of this village showed him in what direction he ought to proceed. He easily found the path back to the cliffs, but once there missed the one that led down the great rock on the other side. He groped about in fear and trembling, but still could not find the way. Weary, tired out, he was afraid lest he should stumble in the darkness and be killed falling down to the beach below. On the other hand, he realised that if he delayed much longer till daylight, the savages would murder him.

Now, he knew that one part of the Great Rock slanted down smoothly to the shore, with scarcely a bush or a bramble, so that he might slide down its surface, but had he arrived at that spot? And, again, if he was at the right spot, was it low or high tide? At high tide, the sea was deep, at low tide he would

be able to wade. To make sure, he picked up a stone and hurled it down; in breathless silence he waited, waited anxiously for the splash it was to make, but no sound came, the stillness remained unbroken. The distance was evidently too great. Another stone was thrown, still to no purpose. Then he shoved his umbrella down with all his might, but still it brought no certainty.

John Paton stood still, lifted up his heart to Jesus, his Master, and made up his mind to trust in Him alone. First he fastened his clothes tightly around himself, then, letting himself down by a branch, with a prayer on his lips, he suddenly let go. His arms thrown forward, his head bent upon his breast to prevent its striking against the rock, his feet well up, he felt himself swirling through the air, a giddy feeling overpowered him, and down, . . . down, . . . down, he went! Those few seconds to him seemed ages! ages, till his feet at last struck the sea, and then the sand below: it was low tide, he was saved! Something hard struck his hand; it was his umbrella!

Praising God with a heart overflowing with gratitude, Paton waded to shore, and there the walk was easy. Along the beach he went, and at daybreak found himself not far from home. Meeting a few young men of the Harbour people, he promised them a few fish-hooks for guiding him through a short-cut to the mission station. This they did, and soon the white man came in sight of what was dearest to him, his place of work. When the natives heard how he had come across from the other side of the island in the dead of night, through hostile villages and treacherous

paths, they stood in wonder and exclaimed: "Missi, your God indeed protects you. Surely any of us would have been killed, but you are safe in His Hand."

Indeed God had been with his faithful soldier and was still to be.

III

IN THE AUSTRALIAN WILDERNESS

A boat was to carry the Good Tidings to the Isles of Death, a boat was to go from island to island, bringing fresh courage to the missionaries scattered upon their shores, who were working in the midst of danger, of unhealthy climate, of savage tribes, of intense spiritual darkness, to bring about the Dawn. The boat was to bring necessary supplies to the different mission stations, and new recruits; it was to take away those who were ill, it was to bring Bibles, and usher in the Light. The boat was to be a boat of Love, a boat of Hope, a boat of Good Cheer, the sun was to light its glorious white sails, and its name was to be the *Dayspring*. The children of the Sunday-schools of Australia were to make the coming of such a boat a fact, a reality by giving their pennies, and their prayers to build it. But who was to tell them about the work? Who was to stir them up to enthusiastic support, to tell them of the need?

Paton was chosen to undertake the task. But Australia is a great big land, and at that time, it was still very primitive, like our own West in pioneer days, and Paton had many a strange and thrilling adventure

while going from place to place to speak of the work.

It was winter—winter that transformed the roads into rivers of mud, winter that made those roads well-nigh impassable; not a dry place to walk upon, not a paved gutter along which to go neatly and fast from one point to another! And Paton one day was met with the very serious problem of how to get from a little town where he had just spoken to another nine miles further, at which he was to conduct three services the next morning. He went to every livery stable he could find. “A horse! Why, my good sir,” he was told, “we can sell you a horse if you want, but we can not possibly let you hire one. You see, a buggy is sure to be broken on the road, and as to the horse, we would never see it again, or if we did, it would not be good for any more work in all its days!”

So Paton decided to walk the distance. He was to pass the night at a farm where a warm welcome was awaiting him, and he would try what he could do to reach the place. But could he not find some one to carry his baggage? He had a very heavy bundle of curios from the Islands, besides a load of clubs such as the natives used in warfare, also, poisoned arrows and bows, to show the children the next day. How could he walk the nine miles with these? He asked for some boy to help him, but none could be found, so with a brave heart he set forth, his bundles of clubs on one shoulder and his heavy bag in his hand. The way was long indeed, and night soon set in. The road was even worse than the missionary had thought it possible, and often, where the mud was deep enough to be dangerous, he would have to climb the fence that

marked off the highway and walk through ploughed fields almost as bad as the road.

Darker and darker grew the night, heavier and heavier his burden seemed, in spite of many shifts from one shoulder to the other, from the left to the right hand. At last where several roads met, he stopped at a small inn, inquired the way to Learmouth where he was going, and how far it was yet. The innkeeper looked at the tired man, and pointing in the right direction answered: "Here is the road. As to how far it is yet, if you are riding a horse I dare say you will find it four miles, if you are in a buggy, it might be six, if you are walking, well, it will probably be eight or ten miles, perhaps more."—"I am walking. How far is it to Mr. Baird's farm?"—"My dear sir," the innkeeper replied with a laugh, "you will find it a long way indeed by this dark night, for the road is mighty bad, and fenced in on either side." Having thanked him, Paton went on.

Just as he was leaving the small settlement, out of nowhere apparently, sprang a dog, a big snarly watchdog which would leave him no peace, trying to bite his shins, springing up to his bundle of clubs, and barking incessantly. To get rid of the brute, Paton hastened on. At last he heard voices and came up to a party of men, a rescuing party which was trying with ropes to save a poor bullock which had sunk in the mire and had by this time nearly disappeared, engulfed, sucked down by the mud in the midst of the road. The missionary asked the way to the farm, and to his immense relief one of the men pointed to a light cheerfully twinkling in the distance. "There

it is," he said, "but you should clear the fence and walk straight for it, for the going there is good."—"Thank you," said Paton, and did as he was told.

For a while, he saw the light, then lost it, but thinking that trees probably were in the way, or a small hill, he went on, trying to keep in the right direction. Soon, however, he found out that he was walking in water,—not water exactly, but liquid mud; with every step he tried to take, he seemed to sink deeper into it till he dared not move any more. What would he do? Helpless, at night, he was in the midst of a swamp, floundering in a hopeless way. Then he called out, but his calls were not answered, and nothing broke the stillness. "Oo-Ee, oo-ee," he again halloed—no reply—again, louder, but only the croak of frogs gave an answer. Then he waited, and while he waited he prayed, and God heard.

At about midnight some voices came to him from a short distance apparently, so again he raised his voice. The conversation ceased. Again Paton called, but he soon realised that, grown faint with weariness, his cry did not carry very far. However he kept on, and at last he heard the following remark: "There is some one in the swamp!" And some one cried out: "Who is there?"—"A stranger. Oh! do help me!"—"How did you get there?"—"I lost my way," was the faint reply. Then distinctly came the words of one of the men to his companion: "I shall go and get that poor fellow out. Otherwise he will be dead by morning. Tell my wife I will be home in a short while." Paton's heart beat with new courage as he heard help drawing near. The man kept calling to him, and he kept answering

to guide him to the spot. With infinite pains and some danger to himself, the stranger succeeded in dragging the missionary out. Dripping, dirty, and shivering, Paton at last reached the farm. The farm-hand had taken his bag and slung the clubs on his shoulders; as he put them down he said to the farmer's wife: "Well, Ma'am, I don't know who he is and where he comes from, but he's got grit to have been carrying those things. I got him stuck fast in the swamp, and my shoulder is already sore from carrying them."

A warm welcome did await Paton. The farmer was kindness itself and did all he could for his guest. Though they had given up all hope of seeing him that night, the family had not yet retired to rest and immediately prepared hot tea for him, a blazing fire, and afterward showed him to a warm and comfortable room.

Before we leave Australia and go back to the Isles of Death, I must introduce you to "Garibaldi." Come with me to one of the ranches, out to the stable. There, in one of the stalls you will find him, a high spirited race-horse, the steed of the young lady of the farm—Garibaldi the independent, the bold, whose whole nervous body will shiver at your touch, whose tender nostrils will dilate at the least unusual sound. Paton was stranded at Penola,—it was already Saturday morning, and he had been unable to find a single carriage to take him twenty-two miles away, to a village where he was to speak the next day. He felt he simply had to keep this engagement, so it was with

pleasure that he accepted the young lady's offer of her horse,—pleasure not unmingled with a sense of uncertainty, however, for he had never ridden a horse but once in his life, and was unused to horses' ways. With sinking heart, he viewed Garibaldi as he was led out of the stable. "He is rather nervous," the young lady announced, "but he will respond to a firm hand. Just hold him tight and you will cover the distance easily. Leave him at those friends' where you are going. I shall go and fetch him back myself." So they said good-bye and Paton started. Following the directions of a friend who showed him the road, he looked for guiding notches on the trees, and having found some, he walked Garibaldi for some time. They were going along very quietly when three gentlemen on horseback overtook them. "Are you going far, sir?" they enquired, "you seem to be a stranger in these parts, and may be, if you ride a little faster, we can guide you in the right way." Paton looked up with a smile. "Thank you, sir, I am going to Narracoort, but I am as much a stranger to my horse, and to horses in general, as I am a stranger to this country. It would, I think, be dangerous for me to ride any faster." One of the men laughed. "Well, you do seem uneasy, but can't you sit a little freer in your saddle, it would be so much easier for you?"

They rode on together for a while. The air was very sultry, the sun had disappeared behind heavy clouds, and to all signs, a severe storm was approaching. "Sir," one of the strangers said, "we have to ride on faster so as to get home before the rain. Will you not try to speed up your horse a bit? Then we

could go with you quite a ways, but at this pace it is impossible.”—“Thank you, gentlemen, that is very kind of you, but I really could not.”—“Well, good-bye, sir.”—“Good-bye, my friends,” and the others started off at a brisk trot.

Garibaldi gave forth a deep neigh, shook his head, laid his ears flat back, and feeling keenly the dishonour of being left behind, started in pursuit. In vain did Paton try to hold him in. The animal had seized the bit between his teeth and nothing could stop him. In a moment, he had dashed past the three friends, and tore on.

Then the storm broke!

Every crash of thunder, every streak of lightning seemed to urge Garibaldi on. At a terrific pace they soon reached the forest, and on, and on horse and rider went. At every moment, at every turn, the missionary expected to be hurled against one of the giant trees and be killed on the spot, but he sat on, clutching the animal's mane, his head bent on his neck. Big twigs snapped under their passage, the rain pelted down with full strength, but, in the face of the wind, in spite of the storm, Garibaldi galloped on. Where they were going Paton did not know, he had ceased trying to direct his steed,—looking for notches on trees seemed a trifling matter in the wild attempt to keep his seat, in the wild race between life and death, and still faster and faster Garibaldi went! At last, they came to a clearing. A big, substantial farm showed in the distance, and the animal cleared the gate at a single bound. “Surely, at this terrific pace, we will both dash our brains out against the building,”

Paton thought, but it was not to be. A groom who stood at the gate leaped at the horse's head, and wildly clutched at the bit. He was dragged along a few yards but succeeded in turning the animal. Just in time, Garibaldi came to a stop, and in a heap, the missionary slid to the ground. The owner of the big estate came down from the porch where he and his family had witnessed the strange and abrupt arrival; he recognised in Garibaldi a friend's horse, and he guessed at the missionary whom he was expecting. Weary, dizzy, faint, and dripping wet, Paton tried to stand, but everything seemed so strange! Everything seemed to reel and swim before his eyes, and he tottered as he advanced. For a few minutes, he did not speak, then introduced himself, but his tongue was thick, and his speech sounded very queer.

His host thought he was under the influence of liquor, and led him to a room where he could collect his thoughts, and change his clothes. "But," Paton announced, "my bag is only coming by and by, through a friend, and so I have no change of clothes." The farmer kindly lent him some, but as he was a much bigger man than the missionary, the latter had a wild aspect when he came down to join the family a few moments later. The farmer's wife offered him tea, and this seemed somewhat to restore him, but his speech was still heavy and his legs uncertain when he asked about the meeting they were to have that evening. "My friend," said his host, "do you think you are fit to conduct a meeting to-night?" And Paton saw a smile of incredulity on his face. "Look here," he said, "why not confess right away that you take

me for a drunkard? But I have never touched a drop of wine." At this he could see that the whole family hid a violent desire to laugh outright, but he went on, "Well, you may not believe me, but it is true. And with another hot drink of tea, and rest, I think I shall be almost myself again within an hour or so."

The meeting took place. Paton, with indomitable energy, stood the strain of it and was successful. At the close of the evening his host came to him and apologised for having ever thought him intoxicated. Then the missionary told the whole story of his adventure to everybody's great amusement. In later years he was often welcome at that farm, and his hostess always took pleasure in telling to friends the story of their first meeting and of the ride of Garibaldi.

IV

THE WELL OF LIFE

Namakei was an old man. He had lived on his island of Aniwa for many a year, he had seen many, many a strange thing, he had ruled over three generations of his people, but never in his long life had he seen a man like "Missi." Missi of course was a white man, but that did not account for the strange things he did; all white men were not like him. Missi was kind to all, he never had an angry speech for the natives, he never beat them, and he practised what he taught,—love. Whenever Missi said he would do something he did it. He never lied, the people could trust

him, and yet there was something that troubled Namakei. Missi talked of a God who was not seen, but a God who was living all the same, who saw everything that Namakei and his men did, a God who knew everything that they thought, a God who would punish misdeeds, but a God who loved them, just as Missi seemed to love them.

Of course that could not be. Gods could be seen; did they not have wooden gods in every household in Aniwa? Gods did not live,—men lived, and men were not gods. Men could not make thunder, gods made that, but gods did not know everything, for each one had his own specialty; there was a god of wind, a god of rain, a god of war, and so on. Missi's ideas were plainly absurd. He lied when he said there was but one God, who loved men. He lied, and that was very plain to Namakei, and yet, Missi never lied in anything else. How strange it was! Namakei's men lied, and they stole, and they killed each other, and so did Namakei. But Missi said it was wrong to lie, and Missi said it was wrong to steal, and that Jehovah, God, would punish them for that. And now a new, stranger idea yet had come into the mind of the white man!

The island of Aniwa was very flat, nothing but a coral reef, and fresh water was very scarce. Rain, when it did come, was most welcome, and the natives received it in cocoanut shells, but it did not rain often, and droughts were many. When thirsty, the natives did not seek water to drink, they had cocoanut milk, a fresh, juicy liquid which they loved, but cocoanuts did not grow everywhere, and many a time, the natives

had to chew sugar-cane instead, and many a time they just remained thirsty. To Paton, the scarcity of fresh water was a grave problem indeed, and often, he would tell Namakei: "Namakei, my friend, if water cannot be found, I'm afraid I shall have to leave the island."—"But, Missi, surely you must not leave us; we shall let you have all the water you want from our cocoanut shells, when the rainmakers send us rain. You must ask our rainmakers to send us more." The rainmakers had charge of the water control in Aniwa: they were those who, by certain ways of witchcraft, were supposed to bring water from the sky. The natives all brought them gifts—then it sometimes rained, and the rainmakers got the credit. If rain did not come, then the people were blamed and were asked for more gifts.

"Namakei," the white man would answer, "God only can send rain. But perhaps there is water waiting to be found in the ground. I shall dig and see if I can find some. In our country we have wells, that is, holes in the ground, and in those holes we find fresh water, and God makes it spring up and gives us to drink." The old man shook his head, "Missi, Missi, I'm afraid. Your head is getting all wrong. You are crazy. Even your Jehovah God can not make rain to come up under the earth. Rain comes from above, from the sky, not from below."

But Paton stood firm, and one day began work on his well. He thought that a hole about thirty feet deep would meet water if there was any, and taking a pick and a spade, he made a beginning. The natives all looked on with wonder at the white man preparing

his own grave, as they called it, and Namakei shook his head. Seated not far away, he looked at his missionary working, and said, "Missi, you will perhaps find water, but it will be salt water, and you will bring evil on our island for the ocean below will rush up and cover our land, and we will die." And he told his men to watch the white man lest he should try to take his life in a fit of insanity. "His mind must be getting wrong," he explained.

But digging under the broiling sun was a tiring job, and at the end of a few hours, tired-out, Paton had to stop. Then an idea struck him; he went to the mission house, and there took a few English fish-hooks which he knew the natives were very fond of. Holding up those fish-hooks, he cried out: "One of these for each one who will take out three buckets of earth from the hole which I am digging." Immediately there was a swarm of volunteers, and for a while work was very much easier, though Paton saw with a sinking heart his little pile of fish-hooks diminishing much more rapidly than his hole deepened. Still, one evening, with joy he saw that a depth of twelve feet had been reached. That same evening, however, alas, one side caved in, and the next day the hole was once more filled with earth!

On seeing the disaster, Namakei came to the white man: "You see, Missi, the gods are angry. If the earth had fallen in while you were in the hole, you would have been killed, and then big war-boats from your country would have come and big men with guns would have asked us, 'What did you do with your missionary?' We would have told them, 'He buried

himself alive right here,' and they would not have believed us. They would have said, 'You lie, you killed him yourself, then threw him in.' Then they would have killed us all with their guns, and so, instead of saving us, you would have been the cause of our death. Besides, Missi, you can not go on. Not one of my men will dare go inside that hole again to help you. It is no use, Missi, you might as well stop the work, rain water does not come from under the earth." But again, Paton went on. Only, made wise by experience, he braced the sides of the opening with two strong logs; to these logs he fastened a beam, to that beam a kind of pulley, to that pulley a rope, and to the rope one of his largest buckets. If the natives would not help him in the digging, well, at least, they could stay outside, and at a certain signal pull on the rope. The rope would pull the bucket, and so pail after pail of earth would be disposed of. So it worked out. At the sound of a bell the helpers all tugged at the rope, and at a certain distance, a teacher of the mission whom Paton trusted, emptied the bucket of its load.

And all the while, down in the fast deepening well, the white man worked, and in his ears rang the words: "Living water, living water!" It was as if God himself had put the words there, so incessantly, insistently did Paton hear them. And yet . . . at times, he would doubt; all that work would perhaps be for nothing, perhaps salt water would be all he would find: nothing indicated the presence of a sheet of fresh water underneath the hard white coral—but still that voice kept the missionary at the job, urged him on. Thirty feet deep he dug, thirty-one, thirty-two, and still no sign.

But at last his patience was rewarded, he found he was nearing water: the coral bed grew damp.

That night he told Namakei, "To-morrow, chief, I think that Jehovah God will send us rain water through the earth." After announcing the news, he felt once more a wave of doubt. How could he be sure that the water would not be salt? Yet, out of his faith he spoke, and his faith brought the victory. Early the next morning water did appear at the bottom of the well. It oozed up at the bottom of the hole, mixed with much mud. Eagerly Paton bent forward, took some in the hollow of his hand, and drank . . . lo! it was fresh water, though with a slight brackish taste. With a rejoicing shout, he called out, "Namakei, Namakei, God has sent us rainwater through the earth!" And waiting a second for the mud to settle, he dipped in it a cup which he had brought for the purpose. With thankful heart, he placed it in the bucket, then climbed out by means of the ladder, carrying his precious load. He was there when the old chief tasted the water, he was there to see his astonishment, to hear his exclamation of wonder. "Missi, it is fresh water, it is rain water. Your God indeed is a wonderful God. But, Missi, that is your water. Will you let us drink of it?"—"Yes, indeed, my friend. That is God's water to share with others. It shall be for all the people. You will all be guardians of it. It is for you all."—"But, Missi, will it always be fresh, will it always come?"—"As long as God will see fit to give it to us, yes."—"Missi, Missi, you did not lie when you said there was water coming up from the earth—Missi, you do not lie when you say there is

one God of Love. Missi, I shall henceforth worship your Jehovah God." And the old man danced back and forth, up and down, nothing seemed to be able to quench his joy.

But now all the men assembled and wanted to see the Jehovah rain far below. Not one, however, dared peer down over the edge. The miracle to them seemed too great, what they might see might make them grow dizzy and fall in. But they turned the difficulty in the following way: they made a long line, and holding each other tightly by the hand, the first one cautiously peeped down into the dark hole. Far below, he caught a glimpse of the water, then satisfied, he retreated to the rear, and another had his turn.

But the work was not yet accomplished. The well had to be finished; the water was there, but it had to be kept there. So once more Paton went down into the hole, taking big coral stones with him. With these, he made a foundation; shaping them, he made them fit one into the other, and then he began working away at the wall of support that was to keep the sides from caving in. It was hard, tedious work, but the white man's heart was light with thankfulness and joy. Still, arrived at a few feet from the top, he had to pause, and addressing the natives, said: "Now I must take a few days' rest. I shall finish my work later on."—"No, Missi," Namakei answered, "you have done enough. You have given us the well. You have worked for us. It is enough, it is good. We shall finish the wall. You shall sit and tell my young men what to do and they shall do it." That next day the wall was finished, and Namakei drew near to his mis-

sionary. "Missi," he said, "Missi, will you let me speak to my people next Sunday? I shall make you glad," and Paton gave his consent. Like fire the news spread all over the island that Namakei was to be the missionary at the next Sunday service, and a great crowd of people assembled that morning to hear the chief preach.

The service began, but the opening exercises were shortened, for Namakei was very much excited and flourished his tomahawk in such a dangerous way for those near him, that Paton decided to let him speak as soon as possible. In the midst of impressive silence, the old chief stood up, then, in a loud voice, his eyes flashing, and his arms waving madly under the influence of a great emotion, he spoke:

"Friends of Namakei, men and women and children of Aniwa, listen to Namakei's words! Since Missi came to live with us we have heard many strange and wonderful things, things too strange, too wonderful for us, and we said, 'Missi lies.' And yet, oh! my people, Missi never lied to us in little things, but when he told us there was one God who was spirit, who was love, we shook our heads and said, 'Missi lies.' Because we could not see God, we would not believe what Missi said. Then came the strangest thing yet. Missi said we could get rain water by sinking a hole through the earth! Again we said, 'He is mad, he lies!' We did not believe, we mocked him, but now we know he did not lie, now we see he was right. We did not see the water, yet it was there all the while. We do not see God, yet something tells me in my heart that Missi is right. God is here, God lives; some day our eyes

will see Him, just as to-day we have seen the rain from the earth.

“My people, turn to Jehovah God, put aside your wooden gods. They cannot answer prayers. Jehovah God alone lives, and can hear when we cry to Him. He has brought forth water from the earth. Bring your gods and burn them here, they are not gods. The God who gave us the water, He is Namakei’s God. He has sent us rain from the earth, why should he not also send us His son from heaven? Missi has been telling us that every day and why should it not be true? Namakei stands for the God who sent us His Son Jesus to show us how to live!”

That afternoon, several of Namakei’s men brought their idols to the mission station; in the days that followed, load after load of wooden gods were burnt. Though there was still hard work to follow, the cause of Christ had gained a foothold, and Aniwa gradually became an island of light.

Paton once more had won for God.

III

THE CLASP OF SLEEP

III

THE CLASP OF SLEEP

DO you know, boys and girls, what would happen if you went always west? further west, and yet further west? You would come to a great ocean, would you not? The Pacific Ocean. But if there you took a ship and still went west, do you know where you would find yourselves? In the Far East! On a continent which, for many, many years, lay in the clasp of sleep—Asia. On that continent alone, and in a part only of that continent, there live and die almost half of the human race. If you made a line of all the inhabitants of the world, you would find that every fourth person would be a Chinaman, and every fifth would be a Hindoo.

Asia has been compared in past days to a sleeping giant, but it is waking now. It is nice to sleep, is it not, but you would not like to sleep all the time? Then you would never do anything, nor get anywhere. Well, it is just as pitiful to be spiritually asleep, not to be able to hear God's call, and never to wake up sufficiently in one's soul, to do good to others.

The first man whom I shall tell you about who, for Christ, roused a little corner of the sleeping continent, was William Carey, an Englishman. So open your ears, and you will hear how he did it.

WILLIAM CAREY

I

FINDING THE ROAD

A little boy, and a girl smaller still, hand in hand, walking along a very muddy road, in England, one fine spring day,—that is the first picture of William Carey that you must have. The little girl is his sister Polly, and bravely she trudges along, though they have been walking a long while already. At every hedge, the boy stops, "Here, Polly, keep that," as he hands her an insect, or a bug, or a blossom just out. "Oh, look, here is a bird's nest, hidden in the very midst of this box-hedge. Now, stay there, you silly motherbird," and he replaces the bent twigs. A little further a hawthorne bush attracts him, and now it is a tiny daisy, just peeping up from the earth, and now it is some lilac, shedding its fragrance way down the road. On and on, William skips, and sometimes he walks right into a puddle of water, for he does not look where he lands. "Splash" goes the dirty water right against Polly's clean dress. "Oh! William," she exclaims, horrified, ready to cry. "Oh! never mind such a little thing, Sister," and a great big kiss from her brother restores the little one's happiness.

Now they are on their way home. But on the village green, they spy some boys at play. "Come on,

Carey," they cry, "we've missed you."—"Polly, run along home, that's a good girl, I'll be there some time," and with that William joins his friends. They are playing marbles, but soon they get tired of the same old game. "'Columbus'"—that is their nickname for William, for he is always discovering new worlds for them,—“Columbus, if you won't play marbles any more, then preach us a sermon.” Up climbs Carey in the old elm near by, and, using a comfortable branch as a pulpit, he holds forth with great oratorical skill, waving his arms, and using big words to the great admiration of all his little friends. But here comes a figure in black, slowly walking across the green. The rector! He looks up with a scolding look, and at sight of him all power of speech leaves the young preacher, down he tumbles from his perch, away the boys scatter, and William runs home,—to find that Polly has fed his canary bird too much, and the poor little thing is dead.

A terrible explosion followed. The boy seemed a perfect volcano, but before his little sister's grief, his anger promptly subsided. He had to comfort her, of course, after scolding her so hard, and so the matter ended with an affectionate slap on her back. "Never mind, old girl, I've got quite a good many other birds left." And so he had: a tame sparrow, a goldfinch, a bullfinch, and as to pets of other kinds, his room was full of them. Here was a caterpillar, invisible, rolled up in its cocoon, in process of transformation from a worm to a butterfly; here were a few June-bugs in a box, a few dragon-flies, the beautiful filmy-winged

ones, pinned against the wall in a corner, and a variety of spiders pinned to a board in another corner.

Another picture comes up in our mind's eye: the same road where the little boy and his Sister walked a few years ago, but it is Christmas-time now, and the boy, now grown to young manhood, eighteen, is alone. A big strapping lad he is, and he walks briskly in order to keep warm, for his clothes are thin, and the snow lies deep over the fields. Across his shoulders are strung a few pairs of new shoes, shoes he is going to deliver in the neighbouring village, for William Carey is now a shoemaker's apprentice, a cobbler by trade. But to-day he has another errand besides delivering and taking orders, he is on his way to tradespeople with whom his master deals, to collect the usual Christmas gifts from them. William first took the new shoes to their owners, received due payment for them, and then started on the more agreeable mission. In a certain street, beneath a big sign swinging in the wind and creaking piteously, a sign informing the passer-by that "James Matthews bought and sold irons of all kinds, old and new," William stopped, and entering the shop, asked for the usual gift. The ironmonger, a huge man, looked down upon the young shoemaker, put his arms akimbo, then with a thundering voice and a merry twinkle in his eye, "My boy," he said, "do you want a dime or a quarter for yourself?" Only he did not say a dime, he said sixpence, for we must remember that we are in England, and he did not say a quarter, for shillings are what the English use. William looked up at the man,—he saw the sixpence in one hand, the shilling in the other. What would you

have done? He did not hesitate, though he thought the question a little queer. "I'll have the quarter, sir."—"So you shall, my boy, merry Christmas!" And with a loud laugh, the iron dealer handed him the shilling. Carey put it in his pocket and then went out.

After stopping at a few more places, William entered a small shop to make a few purchases for himself. He had longed for a long time for a good strong knife, and now he had more than enough to get one. Also he needed a tie, one of those thick white ties that people wore in his days, and which went several times around the neck. He had gotten the tie, and was buying the knife: several that he was shown he discarded as too small. "Oh! here was just what he wanted," a big one with a horn handle and two blades. "I'll take this," he said, as he handed it to the clerk with the money. The clerk looked at the shilling in his hand, held it up, then made it drop on the counter. Instead of the silvery sound of good coin, it gave back a dull thud. "Your shilling is no good, it is brass, sir," and the clerk gave it back to William. The young shoemaker became red with vexation,—“So that explained the twinkle in the ironmonger's eye,” he thought,—but restraining his anger, he looked for another shilling. To his intense dismay, there were but a few pennies left of his own stock. Quick as a flash, the thought came to him, why not borrow one of his master's shillings? He had plenty in his pocket as the price of the shoes he had sold, so he dived in and paid for his knife, then went out.

As he made his way home, still tingling with the shame and confusion his bad shilling had caused him,

and angry at the thought of having been fooled, he thought, and his thoughts were not pleasant! After all, why should he give back the shilling he had borrowed from his master,—he might just as well replace it by the bad one, and nobody would be the wiser. If questioned about it, he would say it had probably slipped in in payment of the shoes sold for his master, and that it was his master's. Nobody could prove the statement a lie, so he slipped his bad shilling among the silver pieces and went on his way.

Still, as he neared home, a kind of uneasiness overtook him, a voice, that of his conscience, spoke within. "It is a theft, a theft, and then a lie, a lie!" But another voice hushed that one. "No one will know it." Then suddenly, in anguish, the boy prayed, a queer prayer: "Oh! God, I shall never lie again, I shall always serve thee, if Thou wilt pull me through just this once!" But God in his kindness did not heed the lad's prayer. Arrived at the cobbler's shop, William told his lie, but his master, who knew that the boy did not always stick to the truth, doubted his word and sent the other apprentice to investigate. The iron dealer acknowledged the gift of the brass shilling. "The boy chose it," he said.

And so Carey's theft and his lie were exposed to the world, and the boy thought for some time he could have died of the shame. But through his shame God came into his heart. It was the last time that the young shoemaker ever lied. He saw how much he needed his Saviour, and he took him in; he became one of the most truthful, honest servants God has ever had. So with joy, we turn to another picture.

A few years again have passed, and if we take a peep at one of the cottages that line the same road where William the little boy and William the young apprentice have already appeared, we shall see a cheerful sight. The sun streams into an open window through two rows of hollyhocks, roses, and a network of ivy; it shines upon rows of benches in a large room, and upon the benches little boys are seated. Some are learning the alphabet at the top of their voices. Others are learning to read: "B-a-t bat, c-a-t cat," they are shouting, and the teacher points to the words on a blackboard. The teacher has a bright, happy face, and his name is William Carey. But now study time has come for all the little tots, and as they bend over their books, the teacher takes up his work, but . . . what is he doing, he is making shoes! Yes, for the school brings in but a few pennies to the master, and he has to support himself with his old trade just the same. On holidays and Saturdays he tramps the roads through the villages, and sells his stock as of yore, and on Sundays,—why, on Sundays, you will never guess what he does? He preaches, for he is the pastor of a church near by. And he does that so well that the little building is full to overflowing every single week. People come from far to hear William Carey, for the cobbler schoolmaster has unusual power: the Spirit of God is upon him.

Yet he is so poor that he has to teach school, and he has to make shoes. "While I keep school the boys keep me," he says with a merry twinkle in his eye. "I have to make the shoes I need to walk to my church on Sundays," he also declares.

And it is while teaching, preaching, and cobbling that to William Carey came the burden of millions far away. Foreign missions did not exist in his time, for he lived more than a hundred years ago, and men were so much engrossed in their own business then, that they did not seem to care if more than half the world lived and died in wretchedness of body and wretchedness of soul. But Carey cared. He thought something ought to be done to bring the light of Christ to those who "sat in darkness," and the Great Commission burned into his soul. He knew it was marching orders, and he knew that the Church was not true to its great Captain if it did not carry out his orders.

Back of his desk, in his school, the sun shone upon a map of the world, a pretty poor map you would have thought it was, but a very remarkable one all the same. It was made of big sheets of wrapping paper, glued or pinned together, and Carey had made it himself. Within the boundaries of each country he had written out all the facts he could gather about it, and as he gazed daily upon the size of the lands where Christ was not known, he longed that something be started to bring to them the glorious message. Even his fellow ministers were not in sympathy with his views. They thought that when God wanted the rest of the world to be evangelised, He would send His holy angels to convert the heathen. They did not know that God's angels were to be men, for they did not grasp the idea that God has no hands, no feet, but those of His children, no tongue but ours to proclaim "Salvation, to bring good tidings of good, to publish peace."

One old pastor exclaimed when Carey proposed for the first time his idea of missions to an assembly of ministers: "You are a miserable enthusiast!" An enthusiast! That was just what William Carey was, for enthusiasm is the one thing that will actually do great things, and his enthusiasm was coupled with common sense and great patience. With these three qualities he finally won the day, for in 1793, he sailed for India to take the Gospel to the millions there.

His favourite words were:

EXPECT GREAT THINGS FROM GOD,

ATTEMPT GREAT THINGS FOR GOD. . . .

And he did.

II

THE SMOKE OF INCENSE

Now I want to take you far away to that land of India, a land of mystery, a land of sleep, but not refreshing sleep,—sleep that is often turned into death. We have come to the banks of a great river, the Hoogli. A proud temple stands before us, a temple with a great many steps leading to it, leading to the many hundreds of gods whom the people have enshrined there, and as we gaze, we are taken back a great many years.

From a distance there comes the sound of chanting, weird chanting; nearer and nearer it draws, and now there appears a long procession, a funeral procession. Leading it, there comes a young girl, a very young girl, the widow of the man who has died.

Slowly, still chanting, the crowd of mourners goes down the steps to the river; arrived at a sort of landing, it stops. There, the funeral pyre has been prepared, a high pile of wood has been set up, and dry leaves have been strewn over the whole. A man now springs forward: he is not a Hindoo, but he talks the language fluently. "Is this young woman going to die? Is this a case of Suti?" he asks. "Yes," they answer, "she dies to keep her husband company beyond the grave."—"Of her own free will?"—"Yes, of course, the gods require it."—"But that is murder, murder pure and simple! I protest against it!"—"You can not stand against our customs," say the priests, and they proceed with the ceremony.

The young girl has made her way to the top of the funeral pyre, and now she dances upon it. Her arms extended, her body swaying gracefully, she throws sweetmeats to the crowds below. Eagerly they seize the cakes and the nuts, and the sugared almonds, and the chants begin again, and the incense smoke rises all around: the widow has settled down next to the body of her dead husband, two huge bamboo poles are slowly lowered upon her, fire is set to the dry leaves, to the wood piled up underneath, and in the midst of shouts, of loud singing, the smoke hides everything from view. The thick vapours perfume the atmosphere, and the deed is slowly accomplished.

The white man has turned away, indignation and pity surging in his soul. At some distance he pauses, kneels upon the earth, and prays: "O God, let the curse of this custom pass away before thy Light! Let the cries of the widows reach unto Thee, and let

this benighted land, this land steeped in ignorance and clasped in sleep, be aroused by the voice of Christ!" William Carey, for it is he, has worked already seven years in the land, and yet not a soul has been converted. At least, not a man has yet been baptised, but still he works away at Serampore his station, and his translation of the Bible into the language is almost finished: he hopes that the seed will bear fruit.

There was a little girl in the funeral crowd, a little girl called Golook. Little Golook did not rush forward to receive some of the sweets which the young widow bestowed upon the lookers-on. Little Golook was deep in thought. Half hidden behind the folds of her "sarree," that is, the long veil which the Hindoo women wear, she watched, and the whole ceremony struck terror to her heart. Like all little Hindoo girls, she was betrothed to a man since her childhood, a man whom she had never seen, but a man who, from all accounts, was very much older than herself. The time was drawing near when she was to go and marry that man, and Golook shuddered at the thought. What if that man should die? Would she have to be burned alive, like the young girl whom she had just seen? It would be her duty, but if she did not submit to it,—what then? Oh, a life from which she recoiled even more than from fire! She had seen those unhappy little girl-widows; they were accursed, and nobody was allowed to touch them, they were "outcasts," the priest said, they were dead to the world, though living. Little Golook shuddered again, then other thoughts happily came to relieve her, and she ran home.

But what was this? A white man was in her father's house. What had happened? And she learned that her father, Krishna Pal, had slipped and fallen that morning, had hurt his arm,—not quite broken it but dislocated it—and that he had sent to the mission house next door for the doctor there. Doctor Thomas had come, but he had not come alone, for he was a missionary, and wherever he went Christ came in with him. He had eased the sufferer's pain, and when he went, he left a little pamphlet. Krishna Pal took it up and, since he was a carpenter and could not work with one arm, he found he had time to read the leaflet. Strange news was that it contained, that a man called Christ had died for his sins, that that man Christ was the son of God, that he had gone about doing good, and that he had died the death of the cross that all might live, that anybody who laid aside what was wrong in their lives and believed in Christ was saved.

The next morning, as he was pondering over what he had read, there came a knock at the door, and William Carey came in. "Salaam," he said in a cheery voice, "and how is your arm?"—"Better," answered Krishna, and they were soon talking about the leaflet which the carpenter still held in his hand. From that time on, many a day, Krishna Pal would come to the mission house, and there Carey would read him the Bible, and tell him the Old, Old Story of Jesus and His Love. When home, the Hindoo would repeat the story to his wife and to the children. No one took it more to heart than little Golook. From the first, she loved her Saviour and believed. One day the news

spread all around that Krishna Pal and his family and a friend had "become Europeans," that they had committed the awful crime of eating with the white men. Everybody stood aghast! What, a Hindoo losing "caste" that way: he was declared unclean, and his neighbours vowed never to touch him, never to give him shelter. As Krishna Pal came home that day, he and his family were attacked by a mob, insults were hissed at them and stones flew at their heads. With great difficulty they escaped.

But still their faith withstood persecution, and soon Krishna Pal and his wife were baptised. Then the storm broke worse than ever. One day, just as Golook was coming out of her house, with an empty jar on her head to get water at the village fountain, a man came in, and bade her stay. "Where is your Father?" he demanded sternly. Krishna Pal appeared. "I have come to take my wife away," the other Hindoo replied. Krishna Pal grew white: of late he had thought much about the matter and had come to the conclusion that his little Christian daughter could not possibly be given away to a man who would make her worship idols, and at whose house she would be only one of a great many wives. "No," he said, "you can not have her, we are Christians." The man burst into a terrible fit of anger. "I shall have her," he cried, "and that right away. I bought her when she was a baby, I have a right to her." And so saying, he caught Golook by the arm. News travels fast, and by that time a crowd had assembled at the door. "He is right," they all shouted, "the girl must go with her husband," and seizing Krishna Pal and his family they dragged them

to the Danish magistrate (that part of India then belonged to Denmark),

The Dane was kind, he was a righteous man, and understood what the little girl would have to suffer at the hands of the heathen man. He sent her back to her home and gave her father a guard to protect her. Still the Hindoo husband was from Calcutta, a city across the river, under the care of the English, so it was agreed that they would abide by the decision of the British judge. Alas, word came soon after that little Golook was to live with her husband! With tears, but with Christian resignation she went, and submitted to her fate. One day the husband found his child wife kneeling, openly worshipping Christ. Brutally seizing her he beat her, severely, cruelly, yet she did not deny her faith, and while the blows fell, he could hear her praying for him. Several times she endured the same punishment for the same offence; then she refused to eat food that had been offered to idols, and again she was beaten, but she stood firm.

But there came a day when she could not endure any more. That evening, knowing that her husband had gone on a journey, she softly crept from the house, out into the silent streets, out to the river. There she took a boat, and in the middle of the night, arrived at Serampore. She knocked at her father's house; he answered the knock, and what was not his surprise and his joy at clasping his little daughter once more within his arms! Soon, her faith, her courage were all known, and William Carey was asked to baptise little Golook. Some time afterwards, Golook's husband joined his wife, and she was glad to have him

back, for her prayers had been answered, and he also had become a follower of Christ.

But these were not the only converts. Krishna Prosad was a young Brahman, that is, a young man of the highest class or caste of India, the caste of the priests. As such, he looked down upon all other men as the scum of the earth, and thought he was polluted when even the shadow of a street-sweeper fell across his path. He washed twice a day, and never would he have eaten out of a plate or bowl that had not been purified. He would rather have died of hunger than accepted food of unholy hands. And as he went about, he wore around his naked body the sevenfold thread that showed his rank. One day, one of William Carey's pamphlets about Christ happened to fall in his hands, and the proud Brahman, the youth who scorned his fellow men, forsook his caste, his rank, and humbly came and followed the Lord. He met Onunda, Krishna Pal's second daughter and Golook's sister, and married her,—the first Christian marriage to take place in India. So the leaven went on leavening the whole, but it was not done in a day's work.

William Carey's life blood was poured into the task. Never again did he set foot in his native land. When he had gone to India, he had made the sacrifice of his life, and he never wavered. His activity was unceasing.

India is a land with a great many languages, because it is a land of a good many different races of people. Carey knew that Christianity could not advance except the Bible be translated into these different tongues, except all kinds and classes of the people could read

for themselves the Old, Old Story, so his greatest treasure was his printing press. There, translated with infinite pains, were copies of the Bible in Sanskrit, Bengali, Pushtoo, Mahrati, Telugoo, Singhalese, which were to reach thousands of people. There were unfinished manuscripts too. There were the results of years of labour in melting types and cutting punches, for you could not write Bengali or Mahrati with the same kind of letters or script, as for example you would write French and English. New types had to be cast for each language, and it took years of work.

One day the sun was setting, the golden domes of the temples across the river shone brightly under the last rays, the window panes of the printing press reflected the red ball of fire, the workmen employed in the type-foundry, type-setting and binding, had just gone home. Carey was away in Calcutta, teaching at the big college of Fort William. Ward, one of the heads of the whole establishment was just settling a few accounts with servants, when suddenly, dense smoke burst into his office. "Where can that come from?" he asked, and immediately rushed out. He thought of all the stores of paper piled up in the paper room, and of all the precious manuscripts in the type-setting offices. He ran towards that part of the building, but did not go far, for the fire was in that section, and smoke choked him, forcing him back. He turned to the servants. "Quick," he cried, "close every window, and every door." He was obeyed, then, forming the hands he could assemble into a water line, he climbed up on the roof, made his way to the part where the paper was stored, and began pouring water

into the whirl of flames and smoke below. After a while it told, and the blaze was beginning to decrease in intensity, when some ignorant person opened a window at the other end of the long building. Immediately a draft of air was created, feeding the flames which leaped higher than ever. Ward had to abandon his task, and there in the night, he and the other missionaries witnessed the almost entire destruction of the building. On the other side of the river, Carey, in calm despair, heard the news, and saw the lurid glow in the dark skies. The next evening when he came home, the ruins of more than half a life of earnest, consecrated work were still smoking. But William Carey was not to be defeated by adversity; the very next day, gathering together what was left of the disaster, he set to work again, and in a few years had repaired most of the damage done. For twenty years more he had the joy of sending copies of the Word of God all over Asia.

Seventeen years after the first copy of his Bengali Bible had been sent out from the Serampore press, missionaries happened to arrive at a certain place in the centre of the country. They preached, and when they had finished, a man came to them. "That is not a new doctrine that you are telling us here. Not far from here there are three little villages where they have had the same good news for quite a long time. There, the people have given up idols, and never tell a lie, for they say it is against what their Book teaches. Come and see." And he led the way. When they came to one of the villages, the elders showed them the Book, a much-worn Book kept in a wooden box.

Whence it had come, nobody remembered,—but it was one of Carey's first Hindoo Bibles. The seed had not been lost, but borne fruit. "For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth and maketh it bring forth and bud . . . so shall my Word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

Not only did William Carey translate Bibles, baptise, and teach, he had not forgotten his old love of flowers and birds and nature. Like all of you boys and girls, he had a hobby, and his hobby was his garden. He had collected there several thousand rare plants, and his great delight, his only rest, was to take care of them. From 1832 on, in Serampore, you would have seen a very old man wheeled about in his garden every evening, taking delight in every flower, every bush—the man was William Carey, still cheerful in spite of infirmity and old age. On the morning of the 9th of June, 1834, as the sun was rising, he fell asleep, and the new day indeed broke for him, the day of Eternity lighted up by the Sun of righteousness.

But all his life he strove against one evil especially, that of "Suti." At last, but a few years before his death, he had the joy of reading a decree of the governor, forbidding the cruel custom, and declaring it murder.

And now we will leave the shores of India. Incense smoke still rises from the banks of rivers, still hiding many wrong and cruel religious rites and ceremonies, but that of "Suti" has passed away.

ADONIRAM JUDSON

I

SOLVING PROBLEMS

"Father, have you seen Adoniram?"—"Why, no, isn't he somewhere around?"—"I can't find him anywhere, and he has not been seen for quite a while. It is almost dinner-time, and he should be in." Mrs. Judson rushed out of her husband's study, her heart beating anxiously. Where could Adoniram be? A little boy seven years old is usually quite easily found, especially when a good dinner awaits a hungry little stomach! The mother went up to the garret, down to the cellar, eagerly searching corners, calling out her small son's name. No answer. The orchard was investigated next, but with no better success,—no pair of sparkling, mischievous eyes peered from behind leaves, no pair of sturdy brown legs hung from branches. Where could Adoniram be? The father joined in the search and soon the little sister Abigail, coming in from a neighbour's, volunteered a bit of information. When she had last seen her brother, he had asked her if the sun moved around the earth, or the earth around the sun. "I am going to find out for myself," he had told her. "Then he went off through this field," she added, pointing up a small hill with a chubby finger.

Up the hill father and mother went, and there, lost among the grass, they found a tiny figure stretched out on its back, looking up to the blue sky, with a straw hat hiding the face. "Adoniram, Adoniram," cried the father, sternly, and the boy sat up, visibly startled,—the hat fell off from his face, and the parents beheld a pair of very swollen eyes, red and bloodshot, eyes that were winking at them without apparently seeing them. "Why, son, what have you been doing?"—"Well, Father, I wanted to know whether the sun or the earth moved, and so I was watching the sun through a hole in my hat!" Reverend Judson, the minister of a little New England country church, looked down upon the little fellow, and a strong desire to shake him and scold him seized him, but he controlled himself, and only said: "And so you have seen fit to blind yourself, and perhaps to ruin your sight for life, while your mother and I were looking for you in great anxiety, wondering what had become of you."

Adoniram's sight was not ruined for life, but for many days, he had to keep to his room, with a wet bandage on his poor swollen eyes. "Abigail," he announced to his little sister a short time afterward, "Abigail, you told me that the sun moved about the earth because you could see it; but I know now that it does not,—the earth is the one that turns around the sun!" How he had come to that conclusion by his method, nobody ever knew.

Adoniram was not yet ten years old, when one day, a certain newspaper fell into his hands; newspapers then had a page devoted to riddles, puzzles and charades to be solved, like the page you boys and girls

have in the St. Nicholas riddle-box, and Adoniram loved to try to find out the answers. That particular paper had a very hard one, boastfully set forth with the mention that probably nobody could solve it. It was a dare, a challenge for the boy, and of course he instantly took it up. It was hard, and many a long hour did he ponder over it. He would lie flat on his stomach in front of the big open hearth, looking into the flames with a solemn look on his face,—thinking and thinking about the riddle. One day he found the solution. “Abigail,” he confided to his little sister, “Abigail, I’ll tell you a secret if you can keep it! Now, you must promise never to let on that you know anything about it; cross your heart!” Solemnly the little girl repeated the awful-sounding words:

“Chop me up fine,
Brother mine,
If I reveal
Our secret deal.”

“Well, Abbie, I am going to send in my answer to that riddle!” And Abbie opened wide a pair of admiring eyes, and prepared to help in the writing.

With much painstaking care, Adoniram wrote to the paper. Once, twice, three times he copied out the solution. Each time, something went wrong,—first it was a blot that spoiled the sheet, then he skipped a line, then he turned a capital S the wrong way and made a mess in trying to straighten it out. At last an acceptable copy was obtained, and, with an air of great importance, he and little Abbie, hand in hand, went to mail the letter at the post-office.

Unfortunately the minister's boys had several times played tricks on the postmaster, and the latter, seeing a letter directed in a very childish hand which he knew well, thought that perhaps Adoniram was playing another prank on somebody else, so he returned the envelope to Reverend Judson. It came with a note of explanation, just as the little family was finishing the evening meal. The eldest son immediately recognised his letter when it was placed in his father's hands. "Is this yours, Adoniram?"—"Yes, Father," came the trembling answer. "How came you to write it?" Silence followed. "What is in it?"—"Father, I'd rather you would read it yourself."—"No, my son, I do not open other people's letters. Tell me what is in it." Poor Adoniram had to obey, so he mumbled out an explanation, and laid the answer to the riddle on the table before his father's eyes. Reverend Judson called for the paper, read the riddle, read his son's solution, then, wheeling his chair around, his hands clasping his knees, he stared in silence into the fireplace.

The flames leaped up, lighting up the minister's face, and Adoniram waited anxiously for a word of reproach or a word of praise, but neither came. Still the father stared at the fire and . . . he was many years away! He thought he saw in those flames a great future for his son, his son who at ten could solve such hard riddles, his son who showed such determination, and such thinking power at such an early age. In the brightness of the fire, he seemed to foresee for his boy a brilliant career, a man famous in literature, or in the ministry, or in diplomacy. At that very

moment a log half-burned fell apart in the hearth, and the flames died down; a red glow alone was left, and the father was called back to the present. Slowly he turned and looked at his son, picked up the papers and never said a word. What became of his answer to the riddle the little boy never knew, but his career was not to be one of brilliancy, of fame for himself; his life was one of usefulness, of sacrifice, of suffering, of devotion to the cause of God whom he served. His brightness was to be spent for the good of others, and in a far-away land, Adoniram Judson was to leave a warm red glow which shall not die.

The following morning, the minister came home from a trip to town with a book in his hand. "Here, Adoniram," he said, "as long as you are such a clever little chap, I have brought you a book of riddles, a very simple one." With joy the boy sprang forward, and eagerly seized the gift. What was his disappointment when he found it was on geometry, the very book which the older boys used at school. Still his father had praised him, and the child was satisfied, for it was seldom indeed that the New England minister indulged in praise.

Many were the problems which Adoniram solved in his book of geometry and he took pleasure in doing it, but the hardest problem of his life was still to come.

Years had gone by, and he had done brilliant studies. He had gone to college, and while there he had made many friends and had been very popular. One of these friends was a bright, attractive youth whose name was E. The two played together, thought together, discussed together, and both together pondered over

the greatest of problems,—what to do with their lives. Full of their young manhood, their own powers, their remarkable intelligence, they gradually drifted away from ideas of service. They came to think: "What do we want of God? Perhaps there is no God?" And they planned their life away from Him. They would work, but with one idea, that of self. Adoniram's friend, a year the older, was graduated a year before, and the two lost sight of each other. Judson, on his leaving college, opened a private school, and began life.

That first summer, he decided to take a trip to Albany, to see that greatest of wonders—Robert Fulton's first steamboat. Just think, a boat that worked its way up and down the river without outside help, without sails, and without being pulled by horses, just of its own accord! At that time, when there were yet no automobiles, no trains, no motor-boats, it was wonderful. To reach Albany, Adoniram travelled on horseback. Arrived at the Hudson River, he found out that the newly-invented steamer was going to start on its second trip, so he gladly took passage down to New York. The wonderful scenery impressed him even more than the boat. God-made nature seemed to him greater than man-made machinery, and still he had not yet solved the great problem of his life, his doubts were all there,—was there a God? He wanted to be great, but self stood in the way, he did not want to lose his life to save it, for life to him seemed good, worldly life most attractive; he did not want to sink himself and all his own unusual powers in service. He had once thought of becoming a minister, but he

had lost his faith, so could not and would not. Yet, as he looked upon the lovely shores of the Hudson, he thought of the greatness of what God had made,—if there was a God! Those green banks, those lofty hills,—they stood. Would that man-made boat on which he was, stand? It was wonderful, and men said that Robert Fulton, the inventor, was a great man, whereas but few people admired the view. Still, the steep mountains, the cliffs, towering above the water had a peculiar attraction for him; without his knowing it, God was calling him.

But for a while, he was not to hear. Arrived in New York, he led quite a wild life and finally attached himself to a theatrical company, not that he expected to be an actor all his life, but he wanted to see “life,” and the stage was part of life. “Life itself was a stage,” he thought to himself. “Shakespeare was right.” One night, he arrived at a little country inn. He was alone, for he had left the others two days before to get his horse which he had left with an uncle in Sheffield in Connecticut. It was very dark when he dismounted at the inn-gate and asked whether he could have a lodging. “Yes,” said the landlord, “but I have only one room left, and that is next to one where a young man is very, very ill. He may die any minute. I am truly sorry, for it will probably disturb your rest, but I can not help it.” It was late, and Judson was very tired, so he answered he did not mind at all, for he was so weary he could sleep soundly anywhere, but he went to bed . . . and sleep would not come. He kept thinking. Between the whistling of the wind and the rattle of his blinds, he heard what

went on in the next room : a few moans from the patient, the step of the doctor, then silence. Again the howling of the wind, then again some noise next door.

And Adoniram took to thinking of the patient. The landlord had said he was a young man, he had said he might die any minute. The thought crossed Judson's mind: "What if that young man was to die? Was he prepared? Did he believe in the life to come, or was he afraid to cross into the unknown? Was he saved or was he lost? Was he going into the night, or into light?" He felt himself blushing. What would E. think of him if he knew that he, Adoniram Judson, had come to think of such things? Of course there was no life to come. E. would hold him in contempt if he knew that his friend doubted his own doubts. And as he tossed and tossed on his bed, Adoniram looked back on his life, his life such as he had led it for the past few months. Before starting for Albany he had told his father about his doubts of the existence of God, and he had been sternly received. Reverend Judson had argued and argued with his son, all to no purpose. Then the son had met his mother on the stairs just before going, and she had cried. He knew why she had cried, not because he was going away, for he was not going far, but because she knew he was drifting away from God; she had no arguments, but she had her tears, and looking back on that moment, Adoniram felt that if God did exist, if he was our Father, He must know the same anguish as hers at seeing him draw away—the same anguish? No, ten times worse, for He was God. And after all,

there might be a life to come. If death was all, why were we made, why did we live? Was he Adoniram afraid to die? If there was something after death, there was a God! Oh! to be sure there was a life to come, to be sure there was a God! If there was a God, if it was his last day, what about these last years he had spent? Would he like that summer to be his last?

Day broke, and Adoniram at last fell into slumber, but not for long. He woke up unrefreshed after a short while, and once up, went down for breakfast. As he did so, he met the landlord and enquired about the sick young man. "He is dead," was the answer. "What was his name?" Judson asked. "His name was E., a bright witty fellow, graduated from Providence college." Adoniram stood, struck dumb with awe, and in his mind there rushed the words: "Dead, and lost, lost, lost!" Instead of going to breakfast he went out. In the face of a high wind, he walked, on and on, in a daze, his mind in a whirl, and at each step he took he heard the words: lost, lost, lost! After a few hours, he found himself back at the inn, paid his score, mounted his horse and left. But not to join his former friends the company of players; he turned his back on the town where he was to join them, turned his back on the life he had led for the past few months, and turned home.

There was a God, he knew it now. If there was a God, he must serve him in serving his fellow-men. Others were lost, he must save them while yet it was time, and the call of the millions far away reached unto his soul. He was going home first.

There was a God, and he was going to Him.

II

TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS

Not such a very long time ago, there dwelt a powerful king in the land of Burma, one of those terrible monarchs whom you hear of in the Arabian Nights, one who had power of life and death over all his people, one whose word was law, one of those cruel, crafty kings who lived in a palace of gold, before whose presence heads were laid low in deep obeisance, and at whose approach all knees were bowed and foreheads touched the dust.

For a short while, from his capital city of Ava, that proud monarch had smiled on foreigners, and had invited Judson and a few others to come and settle there. But now that they had come, all was unrest, all was uncertainty, for war was on the point of breaking out between England and Burma, and foreigners were under suspicion. The sun of His Majesty's smile which had been shining so brightly was hidden behind heavy clouds of mistrust, and the horizon was dark indeed. Still the missionaries had succeeded in starting a school and had built a house two miles away from the centre of the city when the storm broke.

One day, a month or so after war had begun, just about dinner time, the door of the little mission-house was suddenly burst open, and Burmese officials rushed in. The hearts of the missionaries stood still, for, in one of them they recognised "the spotted man," executioner to the king, a terrible, much feared individual. "Who is the teacher?" he asked. Judson came for-

ward, and the awful words of arrest followed: "You are wanted by the king." He was then thrown down with much brutality, and cords were tightly bound around his body, so tightly that he could scarcely breathe. Mrs. Judson clung to the "spotted man." "Stay," she entreated, "stop and I shall give you money." But he shoved her away, then, "Take her too," he ordered as she continued her entreaties. "You have no right to arrest her," cried out the prisoner. "You have no warrant from the king," and though the Burmese laughed in scorn, he nevertheless consented to leave her behind under guard.

Night came,—an anxious night. From one of the servants whom she sent to enquire after her husband's fate, Mrs. Judson learned that, together with all the foreigners living at Ava, he had been taken to the death-prison. The death-prison! An awful place the very name of which brought a shudder, a low building in which were huddled together prisoners of all descriptions, men, and women, criminals of the worst sort, thieves and murderers, a place never swept clean, where no breath of air ever came in save through the door, for there were no windows. Adoniram Judson and his friends were thrust in. On the way they had protested: "Why are we arrested?"—"You are spies," the others declared, "you are spies of the English, that is why they are victorious."—"But we are not British, we are Americans."—"You speak English and have given them information."

In vain did the missionaries assert their innocence. When they reached the prison their bonds were unfastened, but they were immediately fettered: that is,

to their legs were clasped heavy iron rings, and to these rings were attached heavy iron balls, each weighing a load, so that it was torture to move, the iron rings sinking cruelly into the flesh of the ankle at each step. There the foreigners were, waiting, waiting for death which they thought would soon come. But they waited, and nothing happened. Night fell, and suddenly the door opened. A man entered and strung all the prisoners for the night: this they did by loosening the iron balls from the chains that bound the feet together, and fastening these to a bamboo pole that hung at a certain height. After all were hung in this way, then slowly, at regular intervals, the pole was raised until only the shoulders of the men touched the ground. In that terrible position they were left to spend the night, but of course sleep was impossible. The weather was very hot, and swarms of mosquitoes and flies infested the place. Night wore on, morning came, but a morn without comfort, save that the pole was lowered, the chains loosened from it, and the iron fetters replaced. Three pairs were attached to each of the foreigners, and still these expected death.

Toward noon the door opened again and food was passed in, horrible food which each man had to come to the gate to get himself, in spite of the fact that walking was almost impossible. Then again the hours dragged on. At three a loud noise was heard. The criminals stopped their loud cursing, smoking and talking. For the first time since dawn, silence prevailed. The noise continued, that of a gong impressively sounded every two seconds. At the last stroke the door opened once more, and the "spotted man"

appeared, called out a name, then disappeared. The soldier on guard went to a prisoner,—one of the criminals,—led him out, and that man never came back. Then the others began to breathe again, their turn had not yet come, and the talking was resumed. Every day at the same hour, that gong sounded, and never did a man know whose name would be called next, who was to be the next victim. Still the missionaries waited, and still death to them did not come.

But outside, one was working for their release. Mrs. Judson at every hour of the day thought of how best to have her husband set free. She bribed the guard who kept her prisoner in her own house, then wrote a note to the governor of the prison, an old man whom she had called upon in prosperous times; in the note she asked if she might come to see him with a present. His answer came, it was yes. She took a valuable piece of silver, then walked the two miles under the broiling sun to the governor's palace. "What do you want?" the man asked after receiving the gift.—"The release of my husband," she answered.—"I cannot do anything for him, the king has spoken, but I can make his life as a prisoner easier, if you give me enough money." He then gave her a pass to the prison. Arrived at the prison-gate she showed her permit, but the soldiers pushed her brutally away; again she tried, she insisted, giving to one a cigar, to another some tea, and finally, she obtained permission to see her husband.

Poor Judson! haggard, death-pale, dragging the heavy weights behind him, suffering torture at every step, he came to the door. A smile lit up his face as

he saw his wife, but the shock was great for her at seeing him thus. Then the soldiers separated them, and Mrs. Judson trudged back to the mission-house weary and sad, but determined at all cost to stand by her husband, and see him through those terrible days. Day after day, she went to the prison, but before, she had to go to the governor's to bring him presents and plead her cause. Little by little, the old official brought better conditions about. He gave permission for the foreigners to be kept in a separate shed, in the prison courtyard; he allowed Mrs. Judson to bring them food, and mats to sleep on, and pillows. In spite of all hardships, the missionary kept his faith and kept on working. His wife would bring him whatever she could find for him to write on, and he would keep at his translation of the Bible into Burmese. Sheet after sheet when finished he would hide by stuffing it into his pillow, and day after day he would thus have the satisfaction of having accomplished something. His dear wife was working, he must work too and be worthy of her.

Meanwhile, one day, officials from the king came to the mission-house. The treasurer of the court was with them. Mrs. Judson had fortunately been told of their coming, and had hidden securely some of the silver which had been sent by friends in America for the needs of the mission work. The Burmese entered the house, and Mrs. Judson received them very politely, offered them tea, told them to sit down, and entered into conversation. "Where are your gold, jewels and silver?" they sternly asked. "In this trunk," she answered, and showed them a box in which she had left

some of her valuable things. "Is that all the silver you have?" the treasurer said. Mrs. Judson thought of all she had hidden away but did not want to lie. Quickly she answered: "The house is in your possession, search for yourself." And while they went from room to room, she looked on with a trembling heart. If the other money was to be found, not only would her life be in danger, but all hopes of ever bribing the Burmese officials would be at an end, and her husband might die. So she waited and watched anxiously, till at last with great relief she saw them leave. With thankful heart she went to her room and thanked God. But her troubles were not at an end.

Soon a little baby girl came, and for a while, as she was quite ill, she could not go to the prison, and she could not go to the governor's with the usual gifts. With what a happy heart one day, she felt able to attempt the journey! She walked the two miles with her little baby in her arms and arrived at the prison. Lo, and behold, there she found that her husband had been thrown once more into the inner building! She obtained permission to see him however, and came to the door. New hope came to Judson's heart as he saw his wife and his little child, Maria. She was a very tiny tot, yet she lay sleeping so sweetly in her mother's arms that his soul rejoiced at sight of her. Soon, however, he caught the fever, and again Mrs. Judson pleaded and bribed the officials that he might be taken out of the prison and allowed to sleep in a little shed in the courtyard. The governor at last consented and day after day, carrying her little girl, Mrs. Judson came to the shed where she was allowed to

spend a few hours. She brought food, medicines, and other small comforts. Soon the missionary grew better.

One day while she was with him, the white woman was called away by the governor. "Come quick," he said. She came, and found that only for the purpose of showing her some defect in his watch he had asked her to come, and what puzzled her was his unusual politeness. She was soon to find out the reason for it. Later in the afternoon, she went back to the prison, entered the courtyard, looked for the shed: a few bamboo poles were left, but of the prisoner no trace. She rushed to the door of the prison itself—no white men were there, only the usual crowd of fettered Burmese criminals. Then with beating heart she rushed back to the governor's. "Where is my husband?" she asked.—"I have just learned this morning that the foreigners were to be taken away," he replied, "where to I do not know." Out in the hot street Mrs. Judson again went, and asked people whom she met: "Have you seen the white prisoners pass by?" And the answer was always no. At last she came to an old woman who told her, "Yes, I saw them pass, they were going in the direction of the river." On, the missionary's wife went, the baby still in her arms; she arrived at the ferry that crossed the stream. "Have you ferried across some white men under guard?" she enquired of the ferrymen.—"No," was the discouraging answer. Almost distracted, the brave American woman trod back the weary miles to her house. There she asked one of the men who had remained faithful, Moung-Ing, one of her husband's first converts, if he

had heard anything new. "I have been to the execution ground," he said, "but no executions have taken place since yesterday. On my way home I learned that the prisoners have been taken to Oung-Pen-La, a little village many miles away."

After a sleepless night, Mrs. Judson set out again to the governor's, from whom she obtained a pass, and with her little Maria and her cook, who was still serving her in spite of changed conditions, she started off. For a short while they went down the river in a covered boat, where they were fairly comfortable, but then they had to strike out in a cart. The road was long, hot and dusty and so very bad that the rough motion was almost unbearable. At last they arrived at Oung-Pen-La, and a distressing sight met their gaze. The prison was nothing but a tumble-down shack and only then were men working at repairing the roof so as to afford some kind of shelter from the sun. The prisoners were all huddled together, fettered as usual. Judson's feet had been so blistered by the long walk of the day before that no skin was left on his soles, and mosquitoes during the night had made the pain well-nigh excruciating. There he lay, but ill recovered from his fever, so weak that he could scarcely stand when he saw his wife. "Oh, why did you come?" he exclaimed. Yet it was joy to see her, it was comfort to know she was near. That joy, however, was but of short duration. For the most part of the six months that husband and wife spent at Oung-Pen-La, Mrs. Judson was very ill, first of smallpox, then of fever, and lastly, of the dreaded spotted fever. Had it not been for the devotion of the cook she would

probably have died, but that faithful servant cared for her, for the little baby, and also brought food to the prisoner. God was watching over his servants.

By the time the spotted fever seized the white woman, things were brightening up, and the prisoners were on the point of being partly released. They were needed as interpreters to the victorious, ever-advancing British army, and so they were taken to the Burmese camp. Peace was finally sought for by the king of Ava. One of the conditions that the English imposed was the deliverance of all foreign captives; this was agreed upon, and one day Mr. and Mrs. Judson and the baby arrived at the English camp with several Burmese ambassadors who were to sign the peace.

The last scene of the story opens on a cheerful sight. The English are receiving the Burmese officials at a dinner, previous to the signing of the treaty, and the commissioners are being marched in great pomp to the tent of the general where the feast has been prepared. Banners decorate the camp, banners of gold and crimson; music floats on the air, and suddenly the general stops the procession, disappears for a few minutes, then reappears with a lady on his arm. Everybody proceeds to the gaily decorated table, and the lady is led to the general's right hand: the Burmese officials begin to tremble, for in the white woman they have recognised Mrs. Judson. "These must be friends of yours," remarks the general to his lady guest, "they seem to know you, and from what I see, theirs may not be pleasant recollections." And again the commissioners tremble, they know that their host is speaking about them, yet they cannot understand the English

words. They are some of those who have persecuted the missionary's wife while her husband was in their power, and according to Burmese customs, now that she is in a position of influence with their victorious foe, she probably will have them put to death. One old man with a pointed beard seems especially uneasy. "What is the matter with that one?" inquires the general.

Then Mrs. Judson speaks, and as she speaks, she looks at the official and the grey beard begins to shake, and unusual paleness creeps up the sallow face. "Not so very long ago," begins the American woman, "while my husband was in chains, I went to this man's house to ask a favour. After the hot walk under a broiling sun, he made me wait for long hours, only to say a rough no to my request. As I was descending the steps, my silk umbrella caught his attention, however, and snatching it from my hand, he claimed it for himself. In vain did I tell him it was dangerous for me to travel at noon-day without any protection from the heat. 'The sun,' he exclaimed, 'only stout people are in danger of sunstroke! You are so thin the sun could not find you,' and with this jest he turned me away to get home as best I could." A murmur of indignation sweeps the English audience, all eyes are turned upon the official, whose face seems distorted with fear. Mrs. Judson now looks at him again, then in Burmese, says, "You have nothing to be afraid of. We are Christians."

That was her only revenge!

Twice during the long nine months of imprisonment had Judson been robbed of the pillow into which he

stuffed the precious manuscript of his Burmese translation of the Bible. The first time, when he and his friends had been thrust back to the inner prison, he had seen at whose hands the pillow had fallen; after a few days, he called the possessor of it and asked if he would not exchange it for a better one which his wife had just brought. The jailer consented gladly, though wondering at the strange taste of the white man. Judson that same night thrust his hand into the cover and felt for his papers: they were all there! The day they were taken to Oung-Pen-La the American missionary once more saw his precious possession taken from him, and he thought he never would see again the result of long, patient years of labour; but he was mistaken. Some hours after the prisoners left, Moung-Ing, the Christian convert, came to search for some relics. There in the prison-yard he saw a roll of cotton batting, the cover of which had been taken away. He picked it up, carried it home, and what was not his surprise to find that within the apparently worthless matted roll, there were the sheets of his master's manuscript! He had taken home the very pillow of his beloved teacher.

So the Bible was translated into Burmese, at the cost of long years of work, at the cost of untold sufferings, but there it stands in the Burmese language. "The Word of our God shall stand forever."

HUDSON TAYLOR

I

THE DAWN OF A GREAT PURPOSE

"And then . . . and then, you see, Amelia," but what Amelia saw nobody knew, for she was fast asleep and at that moment was probably beholding far different things than those her brother was describing.

Gently little Hudson Taylor smoothed the pillow upon which he was seated, and looked at the chubby face sleeping away peacefully among a halo of golden curls. He had been telling stories to that little sister of his, thrilling ones, on a favourite subject of his—China! a story that would have been enough to keep anybody but little Amelia awake for hours!

China! A magic word, a word that somehow thrilled the boy to his very soul! China, that magic land where millions of people lived, that land of mandarins, men who wore long queues and skirts, and whose rank was determined by buttons of different colours and quality; China, so little known, yet so very, very big,—where people had a yellow skin and slanting eyes! So much did the boy care about China that he never tired reading about it. Sometimes he would be in the midst of an interesting story when his mother's voice would come to him, a sweet voice, yet one of authority: "Time to go to bed, children," and

books had to be shut, and Hudson and Amelia had to go. Then he would hurry to bed, so as to have a few minutes to finish his story before Mother came up to blow out the candle. Try as he might, the light step would be heard on the stairs before he had read half a dozen words, with a kiss his book would be shut, the candle put out, and the bedclothes carefully tucked around him. "Oh, if I only could find a way to read at night after Mother goes down again!" the boy would think. One day he thought of a way! He knew where candle-ends were kept, bits of candle that were used when going up to the garret or down to the cellar, bits of candle that might burn ten minutes or so. If only he could secure a number of them, then light them one by one, after he had been tucked into bed, what a glorious hour he would spend!

One afternoon he opened the kitchen drawer where "treasures" of such kind were kept, and stuffed his pockets full of these precious, coveted candle-ends. After dinner a friend of Mr. Taylor's came in to spend the evening, a man who loved children and who could tell wonderful stories. Usually evenings were never long enough when this friend came. But that particular night, Hudson's heart sank within him when he saw his friend. He wanted to go to bed early and read his own stories, not listen to other people's. With his little sister, he climbed as usual on the guest's knee, and listened politely to the beginning of a tale. But, after a while he began to feel most uncomfortable! He was seated on the fire side, right in front of the big open hearth, and though he did not usually fear the heat, he suddenly remembered that tallow, of which

candles were made, melted very easily. As the story proceeded, he could feel a queer sensation around his pockets, as if something sticky and hot was spreading through his trousers. His precious candle-ends had begun to melt!

A most squirmy little creature sat on the gentleman's lap that evening, a little boy in a most unaccountable mood, who, after a slight pause in the story, said in a very serious voice: "Mother, isn't it time for us to go to bed?"—"No, dearest," the mother answered, "in our friend's honour you can stay up a while longer to-night." The story went on, and in agony he fancied he felt the tallow dripping on the floor, and his mother looking at him, his father staring at him, and little Amelia glancing at him with wonder in her eyes.

Redder and redder grew Hudson's face, hotter and hotter his forehead, till at last, after what seemed to him an age, his mother's voice sounded again, saying, "Now, children, it is time for you to go to bed." The small boy looked at the rug beneath his pocket; to his immense relief, no sign of tallow was there, and he rushed up to bed. Puzzled at this unusual behaviour, Mrs. Taylor followed him upstairs, and found a very woe-begone little figure crying as if his heart would break over a handful of melted candle-ends and a very "gooey" pocket. To her he told the whole story, and his mother's sad face was sufficient punishment.

At this time the one thing uppermost in his mind was: "When I am big, I shall be a missionary, a missionary to China." At these words his father

would smile approvingly, and his mother would not say no, though her heart trembled at the thought of her boy going so far away.

After a few years, though Hudson's interest in China did not lag, his desire to spend his life there grew dim. He was engaged as clerk in a bank, and found himself in the midst of men who spoke of religion with a sneer. Unconsciously he became influenced and drew away from his childhood's simple faith. Though outwardly happy, inwardly he was not; he felt he had lost something precious, something which had lighted up his days. But the light was soon to shine again. It came about in this way.

Bookkeeping by gaslight had injured Hudson's sight, and he had to give up his job. He became an assistant to his father, who was a chemist. As such the boy compounded drugs all day, and learned much under his father's supervision. One day he had a holiday, and spent it indoors, for the weather was dreary and there was nothing to entice him out. He was dissatisfied, a restless feeling overtook him, he missed his mother, who had gone away to spend a fortnight with friends. Aimlessly he wandered about the house, missing Amelia, too, who was at school, and as he wandered he entered his father's library in search of a book. Slowly his gaze passed over the rows of books, but books on medicine, books on chemistry and books on theology seemed particularly unattractive. As he was leaving the room his eye fell on a certain basket where religious pamphlets were stored. "Some of these might be interesting," he thought, "there will probably be a story, and a sermon at the end. I'll read

the story and skip the sermon." So he took one, and went to the old warehouse back of his father's store.

Eighty miles away, about this same time, Mrs. Taylor rose from the lunch table, thinking of her son. She knew he was passing through a period of doubt, of dissatisfaction with everything. How should she guide him through this difficult, trying time? She went to her room, closed the door, and knelt by her bed. And while Hudson Taylor was reading, his mother was praying for him. And while he was reading, God was working within his soul.

Soon the story part of the pamphlet was gone through, and the sermon had begun, and still he read on. It was on the "Finished Work of Christ,—a tract for the conversion of men." Conversion was often spoken of in these days as "getting serious." Well, Hudson Taylor did not want to become serious; if religion meant a long face, and had no place for laughing and enjoying life, he did not want to be converted. But there in the pamphlet was true joy, and through that pamphlet the boy found true peace; through the words of the sermon, the "joy" of the Gospel found him. For long hours he lay thinking, and he saw that, far from meaning a long face, and a sunless life, religion meant joy, overflowing joy, that servants of God should be happy, and glad, that the real business of a true Christian was that of making others happy. Those who were saved should be happy themselves. And then and there Hudson Taylor heard the call of God; God had saved him, he would go and save others, he would go and serve others.

Of course he confided his change of heart to his little

sister Amelia; he told her that he had found Christ, and he made her promise not to tell a word to his mother. He would tell her himself. But he did not have to tell his father. The latter knew that something great, something good had come into his son's life; whereas Hudson, for the past few months, had worn an anxious face, and had found it hard to be all he ought to be as his father's assistant, he now did all he could for his father, and did it so cheerfully, with such a joyous face, that Mr. Taylor knew that only a new, a great consecration to a great Master could have accomplished the change.

The news was still to be told to his mother, and Hudson Taylor looked forward to the time when she would come home, and he would tell of his new enrolment in the army of the soldiers of the Cross. How her face would light up with joy, how glad she would be to learn that her boy had determined to serve her own great Captain! The moment came, and the son clasped his mother in his arms. Gently he whispered: "Mother, something has happened since you went away."—"I know, my boy," was the astonishing reply, "I know; thou hast found Christ."—"Who told you, Mother?"—"God," she answered, and she told him how, the afternoon of his conversion, she had risen from her knees full of the conviction that her prayer had been answered.

From that time on, Hudson was a firm believer in the power of prayer. He prayed himself into China, prayed the ships he sailed on across the seas, prayed the missions he founded into success, prayed money into the treasury at home, and prayed other mission-

aries into the field. But it was prayer that cost, in time and energy; it was prayer that required staking one's whole life on God's promises.

Going far away to China required faith. How was Hudson Taylor to know that God had called him to that land, the choice of his childhood? He decided to test his call. If he had enough faith, then he would go. Going to Hull, a small English fishing town, he became an assistant to his uncle, Doctor Hardey. He lived in the strictest economy in a very poor section of the town. His uncle gave him a small salary, and out of it he managed to pay for his room, to provide his meals and to give to needy ones besides. Every Sunday, after regular service, he would go through the neighbourhood and hold small services of his own. One time, the end of the month came, and Doctor Hardey had forgotten to pay his young assistant. Hudson took, as he always did, the matter "to the Lord in prayer," but still his uncle did not seem to remember, till, on balancing his accounts, he found he had nothing left but a half crown! A half crown is about fifty cents in our money. If he did not speak to Doctor Hardey on Monday, how would he be able to live through the coming week?

The next day was Sunday, and he went as usual to church, then to hold his small community services. At the close of the last one, about ten o'clock in the evening, a man approached him, nervously twisting his cap between labour-roughened fingers. "Please, sir," he said, "would you be so kind as to come and pray with my wife who is very sick?"—"Surely," answered the young doctor's assistant, "but are you not

Irish Catholics? Have you not asked the priest?" "Yes, sir," the man replied, "but the priest could not come." So through the dark streets, into an even poorer section than the one in which he lived, Hudson Taylor followed. When he arrived at the tenement, he saw a sorrowful sight: four or five little children, crowded into a single room,—pale little children with starving, sunken cheeks, and on a bed in a corner, the mother; next to her a new-born infant crying pitifully.

Hudson's heart went immediately out to the little family. He kept thinking: "What a pity that I haven't any change! What a pity my half-crown is in one piece. I could have given them half, but I need it myself so badly for to-morrow's dinner." He began praying with them, and as he prayed the thought came to him: "What a hypocrite I am, to ask God to give them comfort and not to do anything myself to help Him do it. How can I tell them to trust in Him when I do not even trust Him with to-morrow's dinner?" Then came a terrible struggle in Hudson's heart. He went on praying, but only half-conscious of his words; within his soul he kept fighting, fighting for absolute faith in the One he was speaking to. At last he rose from his knees, his prayer at an end, and the struggle also. Slowly he pulled his half-crown out of his pocket. "My friend," he said, "I want you to accept this, but you must not think that I am giving you what I don't need myself. It is all I have in the world, but God will provide for me. In His name I give you this." And home he went with a light heart, and a light pocket to his evening supper, just a plateful of oatmeal.

The next morning, at breakfast, as he was eating his last portion of the inevitable oatmeal, his landlady came in. "A letter for you, Mr. Taylor," she said, holding out from under her apron between very wet fingers an envelope. A letter on Monday morning! That was quite unusual, for as a rule, Hudson's parents and sisters never wrote by the Sunday mail. But it was not any of his family's handwriting. Thoughtfully he stood, twisting the envelope in his hands: it was quite thick, but of a peculiar thickness. He tore it open: not a note was there inside,—instead, a pair of kid gloves, and from the gloves, when Taylor held them up, a half sovereign (that is, about three dollars) fell with a cheerful sound. "Praise the Lord," the young doctor thought, "but where can this come from?" That he never found out, for the handwriting he did not know, and the postmark was blurred, but he knew that the Lord had provided enough for the week, and he thanked Him.

Still the week went by, and Doctor Hardey had not yet remembered that he owed a full four months' salary to his young assistant. Daily the latter prayed that God would remind his uncle of it, but Saturday came, and an anxious day it was for Hudson: his rent was due that evening, he knew his landlady needed the money, he did not have a cent. Toward five o'clock, as he was watching carefully some kind of medicinal preparation which he had been told to make, his uncle turned abruptly to him, saying: "Well, Hudson, it seems to me your salary must be overdue quite some time already." The young assistant turned quite red, his hand trembled as he answered as quietly as he

could: "Yes, sir, it is overdue." But his uncle's next words came as a thunderbolt. "What a pity you did not remind me of it earlier in the day! For I sent all my cash to the bank this afternoon, and you will be obliged to wait a while." Taylor's heart sank within him. "Still," he thought, "God must know best, I shall trust Him." But he lingered that evening and did not prepare to go home till his short sermons were ready for the next day and his Bible reading done.

As he was putting on his coat, toward ten o'clock, he heard his uncle's step on the gravel path of the little garden back of the office; it seemed to him that Doctor Hardey was laughing to himself. "What do you think, nephew," he exclaimed as he entered the laboratory, "one of my richest patients, whose bill had not been paid for a long, long time, just came in, and paid it in full at this late hour. He said he could not bear to keep me waiting a minute longer, it weighed on his conscience so!" The doctor slowly wrote down the entry in his ledger, and was going away again, when he suddenly seemed to remember something. "Here, Hudson," he said, handing him some of the crisp bank notes, "I might as well pay you now. I have not got the exact change but will give you the rest on Monday morning." With joy the young man took the money, with joy he went home that night, confident that God would always take care of him, if only he trusted God. He knew now that he had faith enough to go to China,—to the uttermost parts of the world. With his heavenly Father's help, he would be able to overcome all difficulties. God had not failed him, would not fail him, and he would not fail God.

II

A MODERN ST. PAUL

It was a dark night on far distant shores. On the steps of a tall imposing-looking structure looming up darkly against dark skies, a figure could dimly be seen, resting against a pillar, a figure clad in Chinese costume, but, in spite of the long native coat, and the native shoes, and the long queue, you might have recognised a friend,—Hudson Taylor. Weary and footsore, having tramped all night in search of a lodging, having seen all doors closed against him as one of “the foreign devils,” he had sunk down exhausted on the steps of a pagoda—one of the proud temples of China. His head ached, for as yet he was unaccustomed to wearing no hat, and the sun, beating down unimpeded upon his close-cropped head, close shaven save the one circular spot from which the long queue hung, had given him a severe pain. His feet were numb with fatigue and sore, for, as yet, he was unused to Chinese stockings,—bits of muslin that shrunk painfully within the soft, shapeless Chinese slippers, whenever a puddle splashed dirty water up the foot.

It was two o'clock in the morning, and save for a dim light here and there, a light revealing some opium den, the Chinese town with its thousands of souls huddled together in ignorance and filth, and spiritual darkness, lay very still. Just as Hudson Taylor was beginning to doze off, and sleep, the great restorer, was creeping in upon him, a slight noise attracted his attention,—a very slight rustle quite close to him.

Opening his eyes, he caught a glimpse of a man approaching stealthily. The young missionary did not stir, but he did not close his eyes again; calmly he prayed to his Heavenly Father and commended himself to Him "who never slumbers nor sleeps," then he quietly waited, and watched. In the dim light he could see it was a beggar who was creeping up the steps.

Now Hudson Taylor had just started on a preaching and healing tour, and he had quite a good deal of Chinese cash with him to pay for lodgings and to pay "coolies" for carrying his baggage, and he thought of all that money which he had laid under his head for a pillow, but still he did not stir. The other man stopped and stood for a few moments perfectly motionless, watching to see if he were asleep. Then, apparently satisfied, he stooped and began feeling the young missionary all over. Further and further his hands crept, till a voice startled him, a very quiet voice, asking in his own dialect: "What do you want?"

But no answer came to the question, only a patter of feet scurrying away, and Taylor was once more alone. Without any hesitation he removed the money from under his head, stored some in his pockets and some up his sleeve,—then he waited. Just as he was dozing off again he felt something moving near him. Once more lifting up his heart to God, Hudson Taylor calmly repeated his question: "What do you want?" He found then that the first beggar had returned with a friend. A voice answered him this time: "We are spending the night here—just like you," and the beggars came and sat at his feet. "My friends," said the

missionary, "there are two sides to this flight of steps—pray leave me this side and take the other if you want to rest." But no answer came and the men stayed where they were.

In spite of all his efforts, every once in a while Taylor felt himself falling off into a doze, but a slight movement from his watchers would bring him to the realisation of the situation. "I am not asleep," he would murmur, and then fight sleep again. Oh! the weary hours he spent thus! After some time he got up, and settled higher up the steps, half-reclining, half standing against another pillar. Still the beggars watched. Whenever his head drooped it would be a signal for them to rise, but again his quiet: "I am not asleep" would hold them in check. To keep awake the young missionary began singing hymns and praying aloud. Slowly dawn came, the city began to stir, and with the sun's first rays the beggars went. Hudson Taylor rose, unrefreshed, but ready as ever to shoulder the burden of a new day.

From city to city he went preaching by deed and by word his great Master Christ, living the life of the people and starting mission centres at all important places. Not only in his manner of living, and in his views, was he like St. Paul. Like St. Paul he suffered much, and like him had many adventures.

Once he set out with a light heart from the city of Hang-chow, on an important mission. Enjoying the walk, and singing to himself, he was going cheerfully along, when suddenly a man came up to him: "A message from your friends!" Eagerly Hudson Taylor seized the bit of paper held out to him; it read: "One

of the workers at the Mission is very sick—we await your instant return.” Back the missionary turned,—if he were called back, he must be badly needed, and he immediately responded. He had already gone a long way, and by the time he came in sight of the city the sun was setting. With a beating heart he hastened on, for he knew that the gates of Chinese towns were closed at sunset and not opened again till morning. Would he arrive in time? It seemed impossible, and when he reached the moat it was quite dark. He hailed the soldiers on guard above the gates,—no answer. Then he knew there was only one thing to do—wait, and wait he did, though the night was cold and he shivered under his Chinese robes. An anxious wait it was—a useless one it seemed. Would he get to his patient in time?

Suddenly out of the darkness came a hurrying of many feet, the sound of horses’ hoofs. For a few moments all was bustle and confusion; then came a voice: “A messenger from the Emperor, a special message to the mandarin of the city!” A special messenger! of course the gates would be opened, and of course the missionary would get in,—but no, it was not to be! No gates were opened; from the top of the wall was lowered a basket. The Emperor’s messenger was to be hoisted up! From the basket there hung a rope. Quick as a flash, as the Chinese envoy was getting inside the basket, Hudson Taylor seized the dangling rope beneath, and hung on. He felt himself going up, up, hanging in mid-air. Suddenly the battlements loomed very near, the ascension came to a stop. From underneath the basket the missionary ap-

peared, to the soldiers' great astonishment. "But how did you persuade them to let you stay?" friends inquired of Taylor afterward. "I had two hundred good reasons to stay," was the reply. "Reasons?"—"Why, yes, reasons in the form of good sound cash." With these, Hudson Taylor came into Hang-Chow, in the dead of night, just when the mission party had given up all hopes of seeing him. He healed the man and then went on his way.

Many a dangerous storm he weathered, but it was in the city of Yang-Chow that he met the worst. One very sultry evening, from one end of the town you might have heard a menacing noise, like the sound of waves far away on the sea-shore, a clamour growing louder and louder, nearer and nearer the place where the missionaries dwelt. The Chinese thought the Christians took children and murdered them, and a few children having disappeared from the neighbourhood, an infuriated mob had vowed to avenge them. The expedition would not be fruitless, booty there would be,—plenty of it,—for it was a well-known fact that the missionaries had treasures in their home, shiploads of goods having come in for them a few days before. Little did the crowds realise that the so-called treasures were a printing press and household goods,—no, it must be precious stuff,—something it would be worth while to take, and so their hatred for the foreigners was fed by greed.

Large crowds gathered. "Down with the foreign devils, attack them!" they howled. Through the night they came, waving their torches like fire-brands, bent on murder and plunder. From inside the old Chinese

home where the missionaries lived the cries of the infuriated mob seemed louder. Several times they had been warned of coming danger, friends had advised them to flee, but they had stayed, firm in their conviction that, being there for the good of the people they would not be attacked. Still the crowds came, nearer and nearer. On seeing the mob, Hudson Taylor realised its size, its fury, and the probable results. Quickly he acted. With a friend, by a back way, he left the mission-house to warn the governor and to entreat him to act without delay to prevent the spread of the disorder.

Just as they arrived at the ya-men, the official mansion of the mandarin, they were discovered and in an instant the mob was upon them. "Kill them," they cried, "do not let them escape." When the white men came to the courtyard, the gates were being shut,—the governor, aware of the disturbance, had ordered them closed to keep away the rioters. But happily for the missionaries they were not yet locked and barred. Under the pressure of the crowd they gave way. Straight to the judgment-hall Hudson Taylor and his friend ran. Once there they were safe, and a mandarin was bound to hear their plea and grant them justice. Bursting in, they cried: "Kiu-ming! Save life! Save life!"

From there they were taken to the room of one of the Secretaries. Then they waited. The mob had been sent away by the mandarin's guards and was now heard in the distance. At each new shout Hudson Taylor's heart sank, for his companions, his loved ones, were perhaps at that very moment attacked by

the rioters,—each minute might be their last. In an agony of suspense he saw in the darkness more men rushing by, more torches waving furiously past the yamen, all bound for the mission house.

And still the mandarin kept them waiting. At last he appeared. His first questions were strange. "Is it true that you kill children, that you murder them? What do you do with the babies that you are reported to have bought? How many have you had? What is the cause of all this rioting?"—"Your Excellency," replied Taylor, "the true cause is your own neglect. If at the very first sign of anti-foreign feeling you had taken strong measures, it would not have grown into this riot. This is not the time to discuss causes, it is the time to act. I must request you immediately to give orders to repress the disorder. After that is done, then you can make inquiries." The mandarin looked up. "True," he said in a composed way, rubbing his hands and nodding his head, so that the big peacock feather of his official turban waved up and down, "true, first quiet the people, and then inquire. I shall do so, but you must keep out of sight. Your presence would only excite them. Wait here." And wait Hudson Taylor and his friend did—two long hours they were kept in suspense.

Finally the governor returned: "The disturbance is over," he announced; "several of the offenders have been seized. They will be punished." Then he sent away the white men under escort. It was with anxious hearts that they neared the mission-compound. Their guards informed them the house had been completely destroyed and the foreigners all killed. The dwelling

was reached, smouldering ruins met their gaze; from room to room they wended their way in silence,—nothing but broken-down walls, half-burnt furniture, scattered papers. As they proceeded, however, one room was found intact. In it were the three hundred dollars which had arrived a few days before for the needs of the mission.

But where were the missionaries? No sign of Mrs. Taylor and her little ones could be seen, no sign of the other friends. The mission house was a Chinese house, a big, rambling one, and at the back of it were inner quarters which seldom saw light. There Hudson Taylor searched, and suddenly he heard the voice of a child, a little voice that was saying: "Mamma, where shall we sleep to-night; they have burnt our beds?" A voice, a well-beloved voice, answered: "God will provide for that, dearest." The voices were those of Mrs. Taylor and one of the children. There, all huddled together, he found his little family. There they all were, not only the Taylors, but also the others of the missionary party.

The next day the missionaries left Yang-Chow, for the rioting was on the point of breaking out again at any moment. Under an escort of soldiers, they passed through the streets, and people were heard to say mockingly: "Come again, come again!"

They *were* to come again. The battle was the Lord's, and *He* was to bring them back. Yang-Chow was to become one of the centres of missionary activity. The hours of suffering and distress had not been in vain, and victory followed defeat.

IV

OUR FLAG IN PERSIA

IV

OUR FLAG IN PERSIA, 1915

“**T**RAMP, tramp, tramp,” the sound of many feet marching, broke the stillness of the night.

Lost in the northwest corner of Persia, the little city of Urumia spread out in the plain among the hills, by the waters of the lake. It was the night after New-Year's, and all day long the missionaries had been kept busy receiving the wishes of their friends; Mohamedan and Christian, they had all come as usual with their greetings, and expressed the hope that the opening year would be a prosperous one. A prosperous one! And yet war had set the whole continent of Europe on fire, and war was spreading to Asia! Yet, the Russian army was there, in Northwest Persia, and the Russian army had for long months in the past kept order and peace in the Urumian plain. It could surely be depended on to keep the Turks away, the Turks from across the border, and the Kurds from among the hills,—the fierce Mohamedan Kurds who were always watching for an opportunity to plunder the villages of the plain, the Christian villages, and who, like wolves, were watching for a chance to swoop down the mountains, and burn, and loot, and massacre, or carry into captivity, the inhabitants. Yes,—the Russian army was there, and was even building

fortifications; it was there, and the people felt secure.

But "tramp, tramp, tramp," marching feet broke the stillness of the night, and fear, an anxious, gripping fear, seized the heart of the people. All night long the regiments passed by. The men of the Russian army marched by, away to the north. What did it mean? The answer brought terror to the bravest. . . . On the morning of Sunday the third of January, above the crowds passing in at the gates, the American missionaries hoisted up their flag. The Christians were henceforth under the protection of the Stars and Stripes—and of God.

Into the city of Urumia, in long processions, into the missionary compound,—that is, the enclosure where the missionaries had their school, their hospital and their church, the Christian Armenian and Nestorian refugees came, from the plain and from the city itself,—hundreds, thousands of them, all seeking protection from the cruelty, the rapacity, the greed of the Kurdish oppressor. On the morning of Sunday, the third of January, above the crowds passing in at the gates, the American missionaries hoisted up their flag. The Christians were henceforth under the protection of the Stars and Stripes,—and of God.

Further in the plain, in the little village of Geogtapa, the Kurds had come, come so swiftly that some of the Christians had had no time to flee. But did they want to flee? No, they had guns and would defend their homes, their wives, their children, and bravely did they take a stand. They took refuge in the two churches, the mission church and the Russian church, and there, since daybreak, they fought. Protected by the high

mud-walls of the grave-yards which surrounded the two buildings, they kept the Kurds at bay. Bullets were flying incessantly, and the cries of the wounded, the yells of the assailants, rent the air, mixed in with the wail of the women and children huddled together within the churches.

That same morning,—Monday,—out from the missionary compound of Urumia, beneath the American flag that waved in the breeze, a little party had ushered forth; Dr. Packard, the “Hakim Sahib,” the beloved foreign doctor, who had healed so many, both friend and foe, both Christian Armenian and Mohamedan Kurd,—Dr. Packard had ridden forth on a mission of peace, to ask the Turks, who were said to be approaching from across the border, protection for the mission. As he rode along, with two Syrians carrying one a Turkish flag, the other the American flag, the noise of a battle reached him; smoke surrounded the village of Geogtapa, so, without a moment’s hesitation, Dr. Packard turned aside, making directly for the scene of danger. As he approached the village, he saw that the Christians were hard pressed, having been forced to take refuge in the Russian church only, as it was on the highest ground, and there they were putting up a losing fight.

Eagerly did the missionary press forth, and soon he found himself in the midst of the Kurds. Amid the hail of bullets, a fierce-looking man, armed to the teeth, stopped his horse and roughly asked him what he wanted. But suddenly in the face of the man there came a gleam of recognition, of glad recognition, and he pressed to the side of Dr. Packard’s steed: “The

Hakim Sahib!" he exclaimed, "the Hakim Sahib! You saved my life in the mission hospital!" and he kissed the doctor's stirrup! "Where is the chief?" the latter asked, "take me to the chief." And in the midst of the battle he was led to a little apricot tree, one of those small apricot trees which dot the plain in prosperous times, and in the spring, spread a rosy mist of blossoms everywhere.

There, in the middle of winter, under bare branches, Dr. Packard was led, and, on a sheep-skin laid in the mud, found the chief,—a tall man with deep-furrowed lines in his face, a long, drooping moustache, swarthy complexion, and dark piercing eyes, peering forth from under shaggy eyebrows. When he saw who his visitor was, he sprang forward and, in true Oriental fashion, kissed him on both cheeks! "Hakim Sahib!" he exclaimed, "what can I do for you? Do you not know me? I was in your hospital a short while ago; you healed me, you saved my life, for I was sick! What can I do for you?" Fearlessly the doctor answered: "Stop the firing, and let the Christians go!"—"Let the Christians go? Oh, no, that cannot be! We have a right to kill them or to choose among the handsome girls which shall be ours; we have a right to the plunder; the longer they resist, the worse shall be their fate. Let them go! Anything you ask, but not that!"—"But what gain shall be to you the death of these Christians? They are quite numerous, and each moment brings the death of one of your own braves. Those Christians will sell their lives dearly, and your best warriors will be laid low in the dust. Give me the lives of the Christians, men, women and children;

you will find that their freedom will bring you more than their death.”—“What shall be the price if I let them go? They will come back and kill us with their guns. No, Hakim Sahib, you healed me, you made me well, ask me anything but that and I shall do it.”—“Spare these people,” again urged the missionary. “You can gain nothing by their death. You may have the booty, but give me their lives. They will come with me with nothing but what they can carry in a bundle, then you can loot the village. While we are talking, your Kurdish young men are falling just as well as the Christians. Spare the lives of the people, oh, chief!”

And so the battle waged on, and the argument did not come to an end. For long hours the missionary and the Kurd sat, fighting with words, Dr. Packard pleading, arguing, urging, pressing, the chief immovable; and slowly, very slowly, the day wore on, and the sun began to sink near the horizon. At last the Kurd rose: “Hakim Sahib,” he said, “take the people, but we must have their guns and their ammunitions. I have spoken!”

With a thankful heart, Dr. Packard went forth to tell the news to the Christians. But what was that? From the church, shots greeted him. He tried to signal: a white flag was hoisted up and waved, and then the American one, but the Armenians did not know their friend; from inside the church, they saw a man approaching whom they took for a foe. But suddenly some one in the crowd exclaimed: “Stop firing. Stop! It is our Hakim Sahib!” And the multitude took up the cry: “The Hakim Sahib! Hallelujah! Then we

are saved! Hallelujah!" And saved they were. With joy they rushed out to greet their rescuer. Of his bringing them good news they did not for a moment doubt. Was he not their Hakim Sahib? But greater still was their joy when they knew it was true, when they knew their lives were to be spared, that they were to go to Urumia under his protection. Around his horse they crowded, crying tears of gratitude, pressing close to him, fighting for the honour of kissing his coat, "the hem of his garment."

A long, sad procession it was that wended its way to Urumia that evening, under the stars,—three thousand refugees,—homeless, defenceless. In the confusion parents were separated from their little ones, and only a few days afterward were families reunited in the mission compound. For five long months they were to live there, with nothing but a piece of bread each day, all huddled together with the other 12,000, all refugee Christians, all of them under the protection of the American flag flying above the gate. Disease assailed them, death made hundreds of victims daily, but yet, when the survivors looked up at the Stars and Stripes, hope would creep into their hearts. The women knew that that flag alone stood between them and a fate worse than death, and the men knew that that flag alone stood between them and massacre.

And, on the other side of the gates, plunder-seeking Kurds would pass, spattered with the blood of others, but, looking up at the flag, they would point, and say: "Only that emblem prevents us from entering there!"

That flag, now faded and torn, may be seen on great occasions in Christian gatherings in the United

States; it has made the long, long journey back from far-away Persia. Christian boys and girls of the world, it might interest you to see that tattered emblem, but each in your own country remember you can salute in your flag some such spirit as has made this one great.

Moreover, some day, YOU may be the one to cause your country, whichever it is, to be so revered; you may be the one who, like Dr. Packard, may stand back of your national emblem and help to make it great by upholding the Cross of Christ. You may be the one who will bring blessings untold upon those "who sit in darkness and fear," and bring honour, not only to your country, but to your Christ. YOU may be the Livingstones, the Slessors, the Coillards, the Patons, the Careys, the Judsons, the Taylors of tomorrow! For God and humanity, any day you may enlist. Who will follow in their train?

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